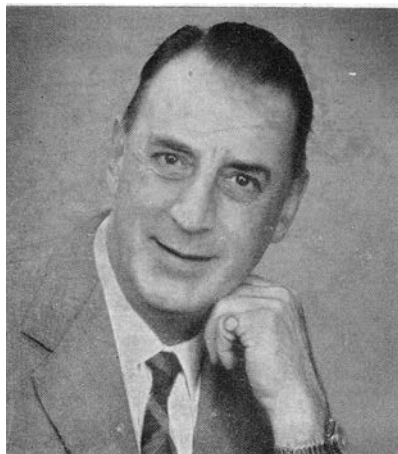


**BRITANNIA
WAIVES
THE RULES**

**A.T.
CULWICK**

BRITANNIA WAIVES THE RULES



Biographical note (for which the author, not the publisher, is responsible)

The Author has led a life of varied experience. Born in Dublin in 1905 into a clergyman's family, he spent a good part of his early life in wild places, such as India, Ireland and the University of Oxford where he was a Hulme Exhibitioner in Natural Science, reading Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics. Thus qualifying as an

expert in the social sciences, he joined the British Colonial Service as an Administrative Officer, and was posted to one of the wilder parts of that wild country of Tanganyika Territory. He soon found, however, that the successful accomplishment of his mission required a greater knowledge of savagery, so he returned to Oxford and passed out top of his year in the School of Anthropology.

In Tanganyika he helped build up that short period of semi-civilisation the country enjoyed during the first half of the Century, undertaking any job which he thought sufficiently interesting – political administration, Secretary of the Medical Department, nutrition survey, anthropological investigations, protozoological research in sleeping sickness, etc. – until the day came when he retired (he thought!) and went to farm in Kenya.

There he ran slap into the Mau Mau Rebellion, during which he was a District Officer and First-Class Magistrate doling out sentences he considered totally inadequate as a deterrent, which has since proved correct.

When the position of the Whites, who were encouraged to settle by the British Government, and on whom the economy rested, was imperilled by British policy dictated from Westminster, he entered politics and became the Chairman of the Kenya United Party, attending the Lancaster House Conference of 1960 on the constitution of Kenya as a Special Adviser, where he shared the disgust of true friends of Africa and the African.

Because events in East Africa fully came up to his expectations, and circumstances prevented him from influencing them further, he and his wife, the painter Rowena Bush, and their two sons, left Kenya and landed in South Africa on 1st May, 1962, where friendly treatment by a friendly people turned them into South Africans – de facto if not de jure – in a remarkably short time. There, the author is engaged in helping others scrape themselves out of the mess which is modern East Africa and resettle themselves in South Africa – a varied, interesting, amusing and rewarding occupation.

He is, therefore, well qualified by experience to write this book on imperial folly, which he can do without bitterness because the rough and tumble of life has left him with what one of his superiors in the Colonial Service once described as “a deplorably exaggerated sense of humour”!

Added interest is given to this book by the fact that the manuscript was finished in January, 1962, and has been printed here unaltered after being rejected in England as “absurd” and “neoblimpish” and “unlikely to command much support in England outside Cheltenham” which can now, therefore, in the light of subsequent events, be considered as the repository of Britain’s wisdom and foresight a pleasing thought since both the author and his wife were educated there!

A. T. CULWICK

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PREFACE

One day when I was very young, I was sitting with my father on a mountain-side in the Himalayas, looking over hundreds of miles of what was then the domain of the King-Emperor. My father told me with pride that the vastness I saw was but a tiny, little part of the great British Empire on which the sun never set. As darkness fell that night, a little boy, despite his tender years, perceived a certain inconsistency between a parent's pronouncements on solar phenomena as affecting imperial affairs and observational data. I think that this was the beginning of a life-long study of the inconsistencies and make-believe which have flourished luxuriantly in the imaginations first of the builders of empire, then of its maintainers and, lastly today, in what pass as the "minds" of its destroyers.

The serious student should be warned from the start that nearly all the authoritative works on the British Empire are fiction, most of them not very amusing fiction either, which gives the reader a clear impression of a state of affairs which never existed at all. Granted, it was supposed to; but that is quite a different matter.

No wonder, then, that the dismantling and destruction of Britain's pride (that was) by Britain herself receives a mixed reception. Some view it as the world's worst calamity, while others regard it as a great triumph of Tory, Left-wing democracy, which is always right no matter what the result.

The object of this book is to take the reader behind the scenes, show him what is there and let him judge for himself, leaving him to base his opinion on something less orthodox

but more real and, I trust, more readable than certain other works on the subject.

Many have helped me write this book, yet few are aware of their contributions. Indeed, its publication will come to almost all of them as a complete surprise and, to some, I hope as a distinct shock.

I owe much to faithful colleagues, of whom I shall only mention by name here the late “Puck” Briggs, as he was known to all; that intrepid Kenya leader who will go down in history as a gentleman who, refusing to compromise with truth or bow to expediency, and shunning the fashionable hypocrisies of his time, correctly told the British Government, straight, what chaos would result in Africa if Britannia waived the rules.

I am also deeply indebted to three other charming and intelligent men who rank as great statesmen. Their most notable contribution has been the application of that uncommon attribute of common sense to public affairs, a rare performance conducted, naturally, outside the House of Commons, from membership of which all three are debarred. One is excluded by reason of his noble birth and is confined with his peers to the House of Lords. The other two are not even eligible for the vote in Britain; but they make up for it by each having a cabinet of his own elsewhere.

There are a great many more – some notable, some notorious – others, famous or maybe infamous, or just common, decent folk, or uncommon indecent ones; all of whom have unwittingly contributed to these pages

by their statesmanship or lack of it, their wisdom or their folly, their knowledge or their ignorance, their integrity or their perfidy – in short, ladies and gentlemen, hussies and cads.

But besides the many, who had no idea what they were doing to assist publication, there are the very few who did. For instance, we owe the title of this book to another writer on African affairs – Silva Mather – and her exaggerated sense of humour which even an attempt on her life by the Mau Mau failed to quench.

Then, there are the kind friends who have worked critically through the manuscript, to whom all errors should now be ascribed. And finally, there is the author, whose simple and elementary task of writing words on paper was necessary as a guide to the

Publisher who – let's be fair – has done most of the work.

RULE BRITANNIA

What will surprise the younger reader, who only has experience of British Cabinets since the war, is that there was a time once, when cabinet ministers were on the whole, strong men of integrity, backed by a proud nation which divided the world into the British and The Rest, the latter being inconsiderable and invariably wrong when they disagreed with the former.

The Nation, moreover, conceived it its duty to the Creator – who had done His best work in Britain and was Her most Powerful Ally, often the only one – to secure peace upon earth. This applied particularly to the trade routes and the areas which supplied raw materials to the expanding industries so necessary to provide for a rapidly

growing population. Dr. Marie Stopes had not then been born.

This was where the British Navy came in. It had been started by Alfred the Great, a king who ruled before 1066 when most of the history books start and about whom, therefore, less is known than would appear to be his due. We are, however, told that he was the “Father” of the British Navy. He may have been. Fortunately, or unfortunately – it depends on one’s ancestry – Alfred’s Navy was not effective in 1066 and could not hold the Channel Crossing – even if it tried, which I don’t believe it did – with the result that Harold was defeated on the home pitch and killed.

The introduction of “new blood” into state departments and apartments does things to a nation. In this case it added common sense and organisation to

British guts, a combination which persisted until 1946, being finally swept away by forces (a euphemism for “rotting”) we shall consider later.

Little was heard of the British Navy during the reigns of the Normans or the Plantagenet kings, but the back-room boys must have been at work for, in 1588, Drake defeated the Spanish Armada, to the great annoyance of his Queen’s brother-in-law whose wish to marry her not for love she had spurned – and who can blame her?

The interesting thing to those acquainted with official estimates is that, shortly before, Queen Elizabeth had sought to apply a Geddes axe to the defence estimates, but Lord Howard had foiled her without losing his head – how, we do not know. Fortunately, for those who favour

English, as opposed to Spanish, as an international language, Howard, like Baden-Powell and his Boy Scouts, believed in the motto: “Be prepared”, which put the finishing touches to Philip of Spain’s ambitions.

It did more. It brought home to the Nation the advantages of naval preparedness and efficiency, an idea which became a bit dusty in the 17th Century but was taken up again with vigour by Samuel Pepys, and kept in quite reasonable condition thereafter.

The Navy’s command of the seas made possible the British Empire, as we used to know it. In spite of stupidity in high places, losing Britain her American colonies, which ultimately became quite important in world events, this Empire prospered, providing raw materials and an outlet for British manufactures, making

possible the further growth of a population enjoying the amenities of modern life, such as sprawling, blackened cities, cinema queues and traffic jams.

Guarding the seas, however, is but a means to an end. The routes are only of any importance if certain things go on at either end of them – an elementary fact which somehow seems to have escaped our present-day politicians.

For instance, a shipping route between, say, Liverpool and an uninhabited, desert island brings no benefit to Lancashire trade. It is equally unprofitable to ply between a rich source of cotton and a country where spinning and weaving machinery does not exist. The ships must sail between an area which produces a commodity and another

which requires that commodity; and, if the trade can be two-way, so much the better and the cheaper freight rates will be.

That, however, is only the beginning of the story. Something else is necessary. Your traders must be able to trade at both ends.

It is discouraging if a business executive, out to buy palm kernels – or whatever it is – ends up in the cannibal chief's cooking-pot and all that remains to mark his visit is His Majesty resplendently clad in bowler hat and sock suspenders, smacking his lips in anticipation of the next trade delegation.

In short, there must be law and order at both ends; and that means administration. So when cannibal chiefs and other “lesser breeds without the law” –

and that, to Britons, used to mean “The Rest” – fail to preserve law and order, it must be done for them. It stands to reason. Only those born without brains could ever question such a thing – and even then, only those who would never, never volunteer to represent their firm among hostile savages in, say, certain parts of Africa where cannibalism and other uninviting customs are practised to this day.

Trade follows the flag – and a mighty good thing it has been for traders, meaning a fortune to many instead of an untimely demise – maybe, even integration (gastronomically) with their clients.

THE RULES

No flag can *walk* into hostile country, plant itself and secure the respect of the inhabitants, who probably regard brightly coloured cloth on top of a pole as a wicked, sartorial waste. Someone must carry it. Who?

The British Empire was built by many types of men. A lot were Scots. They were hardy. They thrived in pestilential places. If you can stand haggis and bagpipes, you can stand anything.

There were Irishmen too. Their natural flair for argument soon established them as the backbone of the Law the savages must obey.

There were also Englishmen.

All were referred to as “white men”, though their colours ranged from the pale pink of the new arrival, through

puce, to mahogany, called “sun-tan” by women who acquire it painfully on the beach or painlessly from a bottle. The only real white men – and even they were off-white – were invalidated out. Colour among the Empire-builders was independent of origin, breaking down the disintegrating forces of tribalism, which only flared up on three nights in the year, the 17th of March – St. Patrick’s day, – the 23rd of April – St. George’s day – and the 30th of November – St. Andrew’s day. The rest of the time, they were a united body of men.

They came from many different types of homes in the early days, and their education and training differed too. Quite a number had been soldiers, some had traded, a few never referred to their past; but all had certain things in common. They all had guts, they

were resourceful, completely fearless and each and every one believed in his mission of enforcing obedience to the Law – British Law – his Law.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby had a profound effect on the Colonial Service. His ideal of a Christian gentleman, permeating through Britain, set a standard to be followed in selecting candidates for the service – and it was a good, workable standard too.

Thus, you got administrators scattered through the jungles of Asia, dotted about the plains of Africa, sitting under coconut trees on Pacific islands, all with the same idea.

Roughly, the world was divided into the gentlemen and the cads, the former having all – No! perhaps not quite all – been to a Public school. They were always right. The cads, if they dis-

agreed, were always wrong. These administrators believed implicitly in Divine Approval of their mission here on earth – to keep the cads in order – and in everlasting life in the world to come, provided they behaved like gentlemen.

Their standard of public conduct was unimpeachable. Their word was their bond throughout the world. They would rather have shot themselves than indulge in corrupt dealing. They were scrupulously fair and just, and so they were always trusted. They were self-sacrificing, devoted. They lived and worked and played and died with one great ideal in their minds – the Empire. And why? Because they regarded it as something intrinsically good, something which produced order out of chaos, which turned grinding poverty into at least tolerable

living standards, which banished misery, cruelty and disease and brought happiness and contentment to their people. Yes, their people, for that is how they regarded them.

They *knew* it was right that a man should grow enough food for his family, so they *made* him plant it. They *knew* when he was ill he should go to hospital. They *made* him go, and built the hospital too. They *knew* the river must be cleared to let the flood waters pass and save the crops from drowning. So they turned the villagers out and *made* them do the work. They knew what was good for their people and saw that it was done.

There was only one criterion – is it good or bad for my people? The administrator had no doubts. He knew and gave orders accordingly and saw

that his orders were enforced; and woe betide anyone who dared oppose him!

Under this system of benign autocracy, millions flourished. Famine-stricken areas began exporting surplus foodstuffs. Whole populations looked different because they *were* different without their worms and other parasites. Fear disappeared from faces and smiles took its place. Slavery, torture, mutilation, trial by ordeal were abolished. The malign power of the witchdoctor was curbed. Twins were no longer drowned, the young widow no more compelled to throw herself on her husband's funeral pyre and accompany him, decades before her time, to the next world.

These matters were not referred to an elected committee, representing all interests. Oh! No! One man, a white man, took the decision and he

enforced it. “*La loi c’est nzoï*” – dictatorship? Very definitely, but nonetheless valuable for all that.

Future generations will doubtless marvel at the complete self-assurance of British administrators of the old school, the men who knew they were always right, who entertained no doubts whatever on that score. They owed their qualities to a remarkable educational system.

In those days, the lower classes in Britain never questioned the prerogative of gentlemen to send their sons to educational establishments which knew none of the comfort and luxuries now found in every state school, and insisted upon by the parents as part of free education for the masses.

On the contrary, gentlemen paid for their sons to be badly housed, poorly

fed and to live under the tyranny of some irascible old bachelor, who instilled wisdom with a cane, and the school prefects whose mission was to terrorise and beat small boys who did not conform to a rigid code of rules. Not unnaturally, by the time a boy was ripe to leave school, he had acquired considerable respect for the rules, which was enhanced by his finding that, in the world outside, the breaking of them meant social ostracism and relegation from the status of gentleman to that of cad.

The rules were based on two loyalties, loyalty to the Monarch and loyalty to a code of ethics, much of it derived from the prevailing interpretation of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

Loyalty to the Monarch implied protection of the Monarch’s person, domains and subjects and involved

dying in battle for them, if necessary. Thus, all over the world folk stood in awe of the British, knowing full well that you only had to touch a hair on the head of one of them to call down the wrath of all the rest – gunboats and marines included. It just was not worth it.

In the code of ethics, reliability ranked first. If an Englishman promised something, even a coolie in India knew that he would go to the limits of inconvenience and self-denial to keep that promise. If the *sahib* said he would be somewhere at a certain time, and did not turn up, the coolie would assume him too ill to move, maybe dead.

Thus, when successive British Governments pledged themselves “to reserve the Highlands of East Africa exclusively for European settlers”,

white men settled there, “knowing”, as they thought, that they would be secure. They assumed that the Government would always be composed of gentlemen; and gentlemen never went back on their word. Or, if they were forced to do so by unforeseen circumstances, they would move heaven and earth to recompense those who suffered in the process.

Another important principle was sportsmanship. A gentleman did not shoot foxes or fish for trout with a worm, like the cad who poached the river. Nor did he engage in dirty dealing, bribery, stealing, cheating. To do so was to place himself on the level of the bazaar wallah.

You could hit a man, provided he was your own size or bigger, but you never did so when he was down. Troops

fought troops, not civilians. The one thing in the world you could not stand was to see a man molest a woman or a child. Then, discretion was thrown to the wind and you waded into a bunch of thugs and fought them single-handed with your bare fists, if necessary, to effect a rescue.

For these and other rules you fought and maybe died, because they were sacrosanct. They were the basis of civilised society. They were the code of a gentleman. And they were something more; for the gentlemen knew that it was because they kept the rules that Britannia ruled the waves, that the Empire flourished, a mighty power for good, earning the world's respect.

Conversely, they realised that once Britons broke the rules, once standards slipped and bad men came to power, the Empire was finished, its life-giving

spirit dead, its Government morally bankrupt, despised, no longer fit to rule.

CAN CARRIERS

Your colonial administrator was required not only to show the flag. He also had to carry the can – hold the baby – call it what you like. His responsibilities were unlimited, for he was “In Charge”. Though his district might be the size of England, everything which went on in it was up to him: finance, justice, police, medicine, education, public works, posts and telegraphs, etc. If things went well that was only what was expected of him. If they went awry, he carried the can. He expected to. It was part of the job.

Besides his official functions, he occupied the position of “father and mother” to all. He might be called out in the middle of the night to deliver his police sergeant’s wife of a child, to give first-aid to an accident case. He would be asked for advice on all sorts

of personal matters. He would be an official of the local club, a speech-maker at dinners, host to anyone and everyone passing through. And the rest of his time was his own!

But he did not complain. Far from it – he liked it. Success gave him the greatest feeling of achievement it is, perhaps, possible for a man to have. It is a privilege to help one person – how much more so to help several hundred thousand?

The system was intensely personal. In every district of the Empire there had to be not a mere machine, but a person, a man of flesh and blood, on whom everything depended, a man who not only ruled, but who played and ate and slept and loved – no mere automaton, but a sympathetic, gracious, dignified, human being commanding respect and implicit trust.

Needless to say, different men tackled the task in different ways. They had to. Methods, which suited one, did not suit another. The overall policy was laid down, but within it one pleased oneself. It was the result which mattered. Methods were but a means to an end.

So long as law and order were preserved, the taxes came in and the people were well fed, all was well at Headquarters. The Provincial Commissioner had been through the mill himself. Well he knew the difficulties; and so he was reasonable, considerate, helpful. If you ran into trouble, he would come to your assistance. It was a point of honour with him always to back his officers, particularly against any bureaucratic secretariat official who believed in sitting his way to the top, rather than

footslogging it round a district – and there have been some.

The threat to the whole system came not from the indigenous population. Far from it; they were used to authoritarianism, and they accepted this particularly benevolent form of it without question. As proof of this statement, you only had to look at the strength of the police forces. For instance, many a district in Africa boasted one police constable to every 1,500 square miles or so of country. In some places the police were even thinner on the ground than that.

No! the threat came from none other than the British Government in Westminster and the pin-pricks and kicks in the pants continually being given them by an ill-informed Press and various do-gooder bodies moved by the very best intentions as a rule, to take action

based on completely erroneous premises.

These bodies shared the laudable motive of saving primitive people from oppression, and leading them to the type of freedom Britons enjoy – or are, at least, alleged to enjoy. In the time of Wilberforce, when gangs of slaves were trekked from the Great Lakes to Bagamoyo, herded into dhows and taken to the slave market in Zanzibar to be sold there and, maybe, shipped to Arabia for work, concubinage, or both, a trade carried out with dreadful cruelty and often heavy casualties, these bodies and organisations shone out as Christian light in the darkness. But the slavers have gone, the roads to the Coast carry cheering Africans lucky enough to have hopped a lift on a motor-lorry, while on the site of the notorious slave

market in Zanzibar now rises the proud pile of the Anglican Cathedral from which the organ music of Johann Sebastian Bach wafts into the clove scented air. Times have changed. The do-gooders won't believe it – or is it that they do not want to for some obscure reason? Thus, when some African – shall we say – is forced to render unpaid service for the good of his community, or even for his own good, too often the do-gooders cry: "Slavery", and questions are tabled in the Commons about forced labour and the Geneva Convention.

Immediately, a dispatch goes from the Colonial Secretary to the Governor, a telegram from the latter to the Provincial Commissioner, and so on down the line to some wretched officer who is stopped making the lazy play their part in a community effort he has

organised to bring happiness and prosperity to the people in his charge. Few, since the slave trade, have done more harm, in Africa than those dedicated to do the very reverse.

Obviously, therefore, successful administration depended on concealing facts. The administrator had to help his penurious parishioners without anyone in England finding out how he did so and by what methods he achieved such excellent results. He could not pay for work done for the very simple reason that there was no money. The only capital asset available in the district, and often the only source of power, was men's muscles. Human beef and brawn, unpaid, had to be used to raise standards in the first place, maybe even to keep the population alive.

For many years, poor communications saved the situation – and were they poor! There was a time when a letter posted at a district headquarters in Tanganyika took a month to reach the next headquarters 56 miles away. That was by post. A runner would cover the distance in a day. Obviously, therefore, an invitation to a party went by runner, but official correspondence, when you wanted to gain time, went in the mail.

That was, however, only one way of delaying matters, a process in which Nature often assisted most ably. Over and above instances where the post-boy carrying the mail bag, maybe a hundred miles or more from a railhead, had been eaten by lions, natural phenomena of all kinds assisted good administration by

isolating the man on the spot from those elsewhere likely to interfere.

To start with, railway lines and bridges washed away, lorries overturned in rivers and the mail bags disappeared downstream in the flood, never to be found – officially.

Your Provincial Commissioner, if in league with you, could go on tour for a month, and answer nothing in the interim.

And even when these obstacles, man-made and natural, had been surmounted, the mail boat with the fatal letter on board would take several weeks to or from a European port.

Therefore, it was impossible for the Colonial Office ever to get a reply to an enquiry they made by post in under two or three months, while the exercise of skill in the Colony could

well prolong the period to six months, or even a year. And who asks a question, knowing that it will take so long to get an answer? It is just not worth it.

In this way, poorness of communications contributed materially to efficient administration and progress, helping the man on the spot to carry the can by saving him and his people from ignorant intervention.

THE THREAT OF WILBUR WRIGHT

In the year that I was born – 1905 – just a few days before I entered the world in Dublin's Fair City, Wilbur Wright established his place in history as the first man to leave the ground in powered flight. He only flew a few hundred yards but it was enough. It sealed the Empire's doom. Poor man! He did not know what he was doing; and so, we must forgive him.

Twenty-four years later, Wilbur Wright's flight led to a young administrative officer – the writer, to be exact – encouraging by threats and blandishments five hundred Wagogo tribesmen to clear a million square yards of thorn bush studded with hundreds of enormous baobab trees. The site was Dodoma Aerodrome in Tanganyika – eventually.

Few, if any, of my readers will have tried to remove a baobab tree from the face of the earth through which, the botanists told me, it had first pushed its way about the time of Christ.

The larger ones were about thirty feet through. One with a trunk only fifteen feet in diameter was a mere baby not more than five or six hundred years old.

And those trunks! They were soft. An axe dented them. High explosive, which I tried, just blew out a lump of cheesy material. The top of the tree moved almost imperceptibly – and that was all. It still stood there as it had done for the best part of two millennia.

I suppose that after another thousand years it might have died and rotted away: but my schedule was not a thousand years. It was three weeks. I

remembered my Provincial Commissioner's proud remark to a visiting statesman from overseas who had commented on the diversity of our work: "An Administrative Officer can do anything." You know, you can if you try. The aerodrome was cleared – how, is my secret!

The Public Works Department then took over and I watched their very first grader flatten the place on which, a few days later, Sir Alan Cobham landed. I crossed my fingers as he throttled back for his landing. He lived. I had got away with it again.

That night the Provincial Commissioner gave a dinner party. Sir Alan was the guest of honour. I sat next to one of his mechanics. "Sergt. Bill" was how he introduced himself – Bill who, I never discovered. He came from London – quite obviously.

Alan Cobham told us how he was blaring a trail through Africa, pioneering the route Imperial Airways would use – how we should soon enjoy rapid communications and an air-mail service – how a letter would get from Dodoma to London in four days instead of four weeks. We administrative officers were unenthusiastic – silent.

He then went on to give us details of the next stage of his flight. He would start the next day at dawn. Would he? I thought, for I could hear heavy rain on the roof and could just see the loosely graded surface of the runway rapidly turning into "cocoa" overlying "soft soap".

He did not take off at dawn, for intrepid though he was, one look at that runway made keenness give way to discretion. But the sun shone, the

runway dried up, so that by 2 p.m. there was only one patch of mud on it. It was about twenty yards across and rather more than half-way down.

“I’ll jump that,” said Cobham. Sergt. Bill looked dubious.

“I’ll mark it with red flags,” I told him, and placed the flags myself.

Cobham’s was a curious plane. There was a cabin, nearly all taken up with a large auxiliary tank. Sergt. Bill and his mate were squeezed in somehow too. Cobham did not share this incommodious accommodation. He sat in an open cockpit far back between the wing and the tail. The result was that when the plane was stationary he could see nothing of the runway in front of him and precious little even after the tail had lifted – certainly nothing anywhere near the machine.

For this reason I had planted a row of white flags down one side of the runway. There they were – dozens of them, with two red flags, one marking the beginning and one the end of the mud.

The wind was slight and Cobham, having carefully weighed up the situation and inspected the pitch, the tall trees at one end of the aerodrome and the low thorn bush at the other, decided it more advantageous to take off downwind.

Sergt. Bill came to me and shook my hand. He looked apprehensive:

“Gord ’elp us,” he said as he shut the cabin door.

Cobham waved and opened the throttle. There was a roar. He was off. We cheered.

I could see him looking to his right following the flags. Then the tail lifted. I heaved a sigh of relief, knowing he could now see them ahead. He came to my first red flag, pulled back the stick and lifted the machine. But either he was not going fast enough or he lifted her a fraction too soon, for he failed to clear the mud by a few feet and landed in it.

Mud flew in all directions. The plane made a sickening swerve, one wing-tip touched the ground, and the plane slewed round, coming to rest facing the direction whence it had come.

The cabin door flew open and out shot Sergt. Bill, his hand pressed to a large bump on his head. And what he had to say to Sir Alan, which came to us with crystal clarity over the 800 yards which separated us, was nobody's business.

So we went back to the Boma and had another party. Cobham got to South Africa and returned to Britain by ship. I never saw the plane again. I was told – how true it is I do not know – that another pilot wrote it off down south somewhere. Something happened on take-off, which did not surprise me, and he landed up, fortunately unhurt, in a belt of trees, the wings being left behind, having resigned their important positions on the fuselage. I cannot imagine what Sergt. Bill would have said had he been there then.

THE SYSTEM

Imperial Airways used my aerodrome for a short time, so I have to admit that I was guilty under orders of contributing to the establishment of the air-mail and all the to-ing and fro-ing which has meant the collapse of the Empire on which, it will soon be true to say, "the sun never sets", because it will be no more.

That was more than thirty years ago and, though the seeds of destruction had already been sown by well-meaning chaps like Wilbur Wright, Hartz and Marconi, letting loose ideas without a thought for their devastating implications, the Empire hung on for a bit, largely as the result of the determination, the sagacity and the honest faces of its administrators. They were men of courage. They would not give in without a struggle. They would

stand up to any foe, even the most deluded maniac with a seat in the House of Commons.

Who invented the System is unknown. That is a pity, for he well deserves a fitting monument in the main hall of what was the Royal Empire Society – now regrettably the Commonwealth Society – an imposing statue with the epitaph: "He deluded the deluded". Unfortunately, like the inventors of sarcasm, corporal punishment, the white lie and many other efficient and indispensable administrative devices, he is unknown, unsung, unhonoured. We can, however, console ourselves that he probably got a K.C.M.G. and retired with a governor's pension, for it is unthinkable that one so brilliant in the art of deluding his superiors did not get right to the top.

If a body of determined men, fired by singleness of purpose – say a bunch of administrative officers – wished to delude an individual at a distance, maybe a Labour backbencher, little difficulty was encountered. The trouble came when you had an enemy in your midst. That, Heaven be praised, seldom happened; but only too frequently, one lurked along the pipelines, only too eager to qualify for accelerated promotion by helping the other side in London. He had to be thwarted in his vile designs for two reasons. In the first place, he was prepared to assist London have its way, which was bad. Secondly, he was plotting to be promoted over the heads of better men; and that was very bad. You had to keep the pipelines clean, and this meant that the blockages and those who contaminated the stream of

deluding correspondence, had to be removed.

There were many methods. Perhaps the most interesting to the serious student of administrative deception in the interests of humanity is the scrambled wire technique. Let us take a purely fictitious case.

The British Treasury finds that it is not nearly so well off as an over-optimistic Chancellor has announced to the nation a fortnight previously. This often happens, perhaps owing to arithmetical errors, perhaps reflecting the result of a Gallup poll. So, once again, “Economy” becomes the watch-word in Whitehall.

The Army is cut, the Navy cut, the Air Force also – and so on. Everyone is cut. The Empire must, of course, not be denied its privilege of playing its

part in the general flap – yes, “flap” is the right word – and so certain grants-in-aid are “most reluctantly reduced”. But it is hoped that the Colonial Service, mindful of its high traditions, will rise to the occasion, etc. etc.

As a result, let us suppose, an indent for motor vehicle spares from the Colony capital is cancelled. The Transport Officer in charge does not care. (So that the reader may follow the plot, he is the enemy, the polluter in the pipelines. He went to the London School of Economics.)

What does he do? He calls in spare parts from the outlying districts to put on his own shelves.

A wretched junior, stationed miles away in the blue, is sweating his guts out trying to keep a small fleet of broken-down lorries on the road for

famine relief work. The wear and tear on his vehicles is prodigious, ploughing through mud and rain, crossing boulder-strewn river beds, barely escaping being washed away. The junior works night and day in the repair shed. He rarely leaves it. His wife brings him his meals. He snatches a few hours’ sleep when he can. The whole station staff, from the D.C. to the office boys, are on their toes likewise. There can be no hitch, or the people – their people – will starve.

Three weeks’ mail lies unopened on the office table – no time for that – OHMS 307 needs new big ends, and the job must be finished by dawn tomorrow.

A telegram arrives. The junior wipes his oily hands before opening it. He reads: “Check condition all spare parts

Stop Rail those serviceable to H.Q. stores”.

Tears well up in the lad’s eyes. Just then the D.C. walks in. “What’s wrong?” he asks. “Bad news from home?” The lad hands him the wire.

“I’ve had it, Sir,” he moans. “I’ve used my wife’s best aluminium saucepan for patching 206’s sump. She’s going about like a golliwog because I’ve turned all her hairpins into split-pins. I’ve cut up my own boots for oil seals. And now, this!”

The D.C. reads the telegram.

“I knew the bloody fool in Whitehall had added it up wrong. Always bottom of our form in arithmetic,” he mutters.

“I beg your pardon, Sir?”

“Oh! nothing! I’ll take this” – he waves the wire. “Ignore it. Come up

with Joan and have a drink with us this evening.”

“Haven’t time, Sir.”

“Make it, then.”

“Very good, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

The telegram lies on the D.C.’s table, the great man staring at it, the light of battle – the pipeline battle – in his eyes. He takes an India rubber, then a pencil. The telegram has been transformed. It now reads:

“Check condition all spare parts Stop Rail those serviceable to H.Q. Whores.”

A good administrator always sinks the enemy with the first salvo if he can.

“Dear Rudolph,” writes the Senior Medical Officer in charge European Hospital at the capital; “How very

good of you to tip me the wink and send me that wire. I have reached the conclusion that our mutual friend in Transport Stores is feeling the strain. I have recommended that his home leave be no longer deferred. He sails tomorrow, as he always wanted to do.”

The pipeline is clear again.

As communications continued to improve, the system became more and more severely strained. The vital four weeks a letter might take to reach London shrank overnight to only as many days, or even less. The do-gooders could expect their questions to be answered; and as all is fair in love and war and politics, the Opposition used the Empire as a stick with which to beat the Government whenever the opportunity occurred.

Most of the questioners knew their questions were nonsense, but the ignorant electorate, who did not know the difference between Tonga and Tanga, did not. They thought – or rather, the Opposition made them think – that the Government was not doing its job. Worse still, they were caused to imagine the Colonial Service as a set of ogres, oppressing the poor and ignorant natives, while white settlers, building up these countries economically, were pictured as idle, dissolute, drunken, niggerbeaters.

I once complained about this to a former Labour Secretary of State for the Colonies – there was a Conservative Government in power. “That’s only the game of parry politics,” he told me.

Maybe, but it was ruining the prestige of the Service, ruining the Empire by

undermining the efforts of those who were building it up – bringing them into unjust disrepute, making them the butt of the gutter Press, sapping their morale.

WAR

The System would probably have broken down in 1940 or 1941 but for the outbreak of war. People in Britain were then subjected to compulsions far exceeding anything which had ever been experienced by colonial peoples in the overseas dependencies.

When you could not kill your own pig and dispose of the pork as you wished, it must have seemed rather senseless to rail against a D.C. for compelling a pastoral tribe to chop bush to save their cattle from the ravages of the tsetse fly.

Furthermore, the do-gooders were in jeopardy; and mortal danger changes ideas. Men were needed badly, men of any colour. Tropical products in ever increasing supply became an urgent necessity. The Japanese had to be

contained and defeated in the Far East, Rommel in North Africa, the Italians in Abyssinia.

The Colonial Service was denuded of European officers who went to the Forces. A sprinkling of good men was left behind to deliver the goods. They had three times the work to do with one third of the staff. They did the job and they did it well; and they did it by the uninhibited use of personality in a manner those who have lived their lives in England have never seen and, therefore, cannot possibly understand.

They kept their districts running peacefully; and, over and above that, they supplied a steady stream of recruits, foodstuffs and materials. The Service reached the heights of autocracy during the war, while those colonial peoples, who were spared

invasion, prospered as never before or since.

“There was strong rule – just and firm. The indecision of the preceding few years was swept away. People knew what was expected of them. Crippling uncertainty had gone. Morale in the Service had never been higher. The System fell into desuetude, because there was no need for it; and administrators thanked God for that and ruled as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them. Discipline in the districts was perfect, production the highest on record, the people happy, healthy and prosperous. Surely, when the war ended, they felt, the Colonial Empire would go on to reach even greater heights in the hands and under the control of the men on the spot who had so conclusively proved their

worth, not only to Britain but to their people.

They were proud men who took their first home leave for, perhaps, ten years to visit a very different England from that they had known in 1937 or 1938, It was a battered England, where fine buildings they had known had been reduced to piles of rubble, where large areas in cities had been razed to the ground – an England of food rationing and clothing coupons.

They met their friends from the Armed Forces, those who had survived, and discussed the war with them, when a most disquieting fact emerged. It concerned Britain’s sea power which they had always taken for granted. They learned how vulnerable great ships were from the air, how difficult and dangerous it was to sail them in waters dominated by shore-based

enemy aircraft. Cunningham's experiences in the Mediterranean were quoted – the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. The aeroplane, which had just about wrecked their System, had wrecked the Navy's too, it seemed.

They found a different outlook on sea power and this, in turn, had brought about a different outlook in the highest places on Britain's overseas possessions, once regarded as jewels in the British Crown. Many now regarded them as no more than liabilities, impossible to defend, calling for the deployment of forces urgently needed elsewhere. Far from a desire to retain the Empire, to fight for it, as Britain had done in the past, a rot had set in, defeatism and a willingness – sometimes even a wish – to let the Empire go to hell, because it was more bother

than it was worth – and what good did it do the working man anyway, who provided the bulk of the votes?

Furthermore, Britons were naturally war-weary. They had been through it with a vengeance and they now wished to live in peace, enjoying their sport and the domestic comfort of the fireside. And who can blame them? Mum did not want her boy ever to go to war again, or even join an overseas garrison with little, or nothing, to do. She wanted him at home with her. Of course she did.

So, in the minds of the man and woman in the street, the Empire was not worth fighting to defend, while the leaders of the nation considered it indefensible even if the people were prepared to fight. Therefore, the Empire had to go.

The increasing threat of Russia hardened these ideas. They spread to other powers with overseas possessions. America, addicted to anti-colonialism, joined in – sometimes, it almost seemed, for the sheer hell of it. Forgetting her own treatment of the Red Indians and her own colour problem in the South, she was ready to espouse almost any non-white who stood on a soap box and preached against the governing power; and was then surprised – can you believe it? – when administrators all over the world, the men responsible for law and order, came to hate her and her policies, and to regard her diplomats (so-called) as muddle-headed, emotional, interfering adolescents who would be better employed clearing up the mess in the Philippines!

But not all Americans are complete fools, and the wiser of us look for something deeper than emotional madness beneath American policy. America fears Communism – desperately. Is it not a good thing, therefore, that India is now independent, never mind the millions who died as the result – there are millions more – for China can now look south for her conquests and, on the principle of “dog eat dog”, a really good war between India and China would thin Asia out a bit and reduce population pressure over a vast area. The more humane method of limiting population by means of contraception does not seem to catch on in Asia.

America's main terror is Russia who has out-sputniked, out H-bombed, out-polluted the U.S.A. at every turn – Russia who has only to press a button,

it seems, and blow vital centres of American civilisation to smithereens – places like the White House, Coney Island and Little Rock. But, let it not be forgotten, America too has chaps manning buttons, and when they press theirs some important places in Russia and some important big brass too will circle the earth indefinitely as vapour.

It is giving away no official secrets when I say that America regards Western Europe as an outpost of the U.S.A. which should concentrate on its primary duty of keeping down American casualties in the next, press-button war to reasonable proportions, say, 50%. Obviously, therefore, the Western powers must be made to concentrate on the job; and Empires are so distracting.

With the loss of sea power, with defeatism at home and with American

pressure, exercised in ways we shall discuss later, things were desperate. Nevertheless, they were nothing like so desperate as they had been a few years before; and I believe that once again, firm and principled leadership could have turned the tide.

Unfortunately, however, power passed into the hands of frightened men whose policies – if you can call them that – were dictated by fear, a master which makes fools and knaves of men, undermining courage, principle and even common sense.

“If he’ll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman and a Christian, that’s all I want.” How right Squire Brown was! Would that we had a dozen Squire Browns in the Cabinet today; for then Britain would not be on her hands and knees grovelling in the neo-pagan United Nations Organisa-

tion, sacrificing her friends to appease
her foes-waiving the rules.

NUT

Just after the War another set of rules was waived. Certain aspects of hostilities had stimulated great advances in mechanical, earth-moving appliances, the leading firm of manufacturers being in the U.S.A. At any rate, that is my opinion, with all due deference to other nations who will disagree. What their machines can do is phenomenal, so much so that possession of the faith that will remove mountains now no longer presents the difficulty it did in the days when I was instructed in the Scriptures. To the big, yellow machines a mountain is nothing; so it is not faith you need today, merely diesel fuel, the correct grades of lubricants and regular maintenance.

These machines will build an earth dam in as many hours as previously it took weeks. You can throw up

embankments and carve out cuttings, level aerodromes, knock down trees; indeed, transform the whole earth's crust if given half a chance – just by pulling the right lever at the right time.

I have even heard of one dispensing rough justice. A lazy labourer thought he would defraud his employer by going to sleep in a grassy hollow instead of working for his pay. He had to be excavated from under an embankment which the machine built before he was even missed. His heirs and successors, according to law, drew his pay plus workman's compensation, in spite of gross contributory indolence on his part. They thought it rather funny and lucky. I felt it was sad and unfortunate; but then, Africans and Europeans tend to value life differently – though not always, as Katanga shows.

After the War, there was a shortage of fats. The Minister responsible for margarine considered the shortage permanent; it was, of course, purely temporary, as anyone like myself, producing butterfat knows to his cost only too well. Consequently – no doubt with one eye hopefully on the first chapter of the Book of Genesis – he pronounced: “Let there be fat.”

That, however, was not enough to produce the margarine on which his position in the Government rested. He had to have the raw materials for the hydrogenation process whereby the most disgusting oily liquids can be turned into margarine which, the advertisements tell us, is the equal of butter, though what in butter it equals is not specified, and many have yet to discover.

The Minister knew that most great technical advances result from the hybridisation of ideas. For example, James Watt married the jumping lid of a boiling kettle to a cart on a wheelbarrow or something, and the result was the railway locomotive. The Minister did much the same. He married a lot of machinery and war-time techniques to Africa and the result, it was confidently assumed, would be groundnuts from which the oil would be extracted and turned into margarine.

This started the Tanganyika Groundnut Scheme – the venue Ugogo, an arid area of thorn scrub. The reason for this choice were vast, empty areas and the fact that groundnuts grew there. When, however, I say “groundnuts grew there” the remark needs qualifying.

They did grow, but only in parts. The local tribe, the Wagogo, knew where by studying the plant association. Thus, if they found a wild plant “X” growing with another “Y”, they would know that groundnuts would grow and they would plant a little plot of perhaps half an acre.

I suppose the investigating commission thought that those scattered plots meant that the whole area would produce groundnuts, because that is precisely what was eventually tried.

At that time, it was acknowledged that only military men had any organising ability, so naturally a general had to be placed in charge of any large-scale agricultural enterprise in which the British taxpayer’s money was at risk. Generals wanting jobs were plentiful then, so one was easily obtained to mount this offensive on Nature.

The opinion of people not versed in planning military campaigns was also sought. Mine was – rather casually over a drink in the dining car of a railway train. I could see, or thought I could, a number of little difficulties attendant on a scheme of that magnitude in such a place – trifles such as the ability of the railway to handle the crop (if produced), port facilities, water supplies, and so on.

These, I was assured, could readily be overcome; and when I remained dubious I was told: “Culwick, this scheme requires the broad view and the long vision – not your petty, little, parochial mind.” Duly flattened, I left them to it.

Everyone talked about the Groundnut Scheme in those days. It was an heroic concept. Given enough money, machinery, fertiliser, drive and energy,

nothing could stand against you – not even nature. Just as machinery had removed mountains, so machinery would wring groundnuts out of Ugogo.

I remember camping 150 miles away at Babati. I was working on a sleeping sickness outbreak there. One day, I looked up into the sky and saw, high up above me, the dust cloud. There was no doubt about it. The groundnut boys were certainly moving the soil of Ugogo. Where it came down, I do not know. Perhaps rain brought it to earth somewhere before it dropped into the Atlantic 2,000 miles away.

It takes a lot of machinery to move earth on that scale – not only machinery for ploughing and harrowing, but also for building roads to carry more machinery, the fleets of lorries with fuel, lubricants, seed fertilizer, build-

ing materials and, of course, crates and crates – thousands of them – of beer and other beverages to wash the dust of Ugogo from parched throats.

The dust of Ugogo has properties which were realised later than they should have been in the interests of economy. It contains quite a high proportion of quartz and so is highly abrasive, meting out a quick death to implements which it ground away with startling rapidity. This meant far more spares and more mechanics to fit them and more houses for them and their families to live in, more school accommodation, more food to be imported, more water consumed.

Water is always a sore point in arid regions. A geologist, without military rank, no honours or decorations other than an honours degree in geology, advised that potable water would not

be obtained in the area from boreholes, so a number of boreholes were sunk at considerable expense. The exercise gave employment but not good water; and it was then agreed that the dam the geologist recommended should be built.

Needless to say, dams take time to build and usually much longer to fill. While waiting for nature to oblige, water had, therefore, to be carted a goodly distance at a cost of £600 a day, I am informed. Also, needless to say, the railway had never been built to handle a project like the Groundnut Scheme, nor had the port facilities at Dar-es-Salaam. The Groundnut Scheme, with its vast imports, therefore strained the transport system severely, so much so that native-produced groundnuts were piling up at stations in the Lake Province, and

could not be moved for lack of rolling stock.

I am told that a similar situation arose in West Africa where groundnuts could not be shipped because the Tanganyika Groundnut Scheme had caused a shortage of shipping. That, however, was unimportant. What mattered was building up the Scheme in Ugogo; and build it up they did.

Soon, the arid thorn bush was transformed. A town sprang up. Kongwa was its name. There was piped water, nice houses, shops, a school hospital, a club and all modern amenities. Kongwa was a noble achievement, a great act of faith in mechanized man's ability to make Mother Nature disgorge her bounties by bashing her with bulldozers, levelling her with graders, ripping her with rippers, ploughs, disc harrows –

pouring chemical fertilizers into the soil, sowing the seed, and then waiting for the crop to be announced (in terms of tons of margarine) by a proud Minister in the House of Commons, to the plaudits of the Government side and the envy of the Opposition.

But the announcement never came. All that happened was the British taxpayer paid – some say £36 million, some put the figure at nearer £60 million – and Mother Nature laughed.

THE TALES THEY TELL

When an honest man changes his mind, he says so, and usually gives his reasons for so doing. When an honest politician does so – this is not necessarily a contradiction in terms – he cannot, unless he is a very great man; and they are not like that today. He must adopt other methods. He must not admit he is the creature of fate, impelled to take a distasteful step by force of circumstances. On the contrary, his must be the wise move, the result of the very highest motives, the product of ability to take the long view, of great breadth of vision and almost divine wisdom.

The reason is that the politician, with very few exceptions, is a poseur. How many times have you heard an election speech along these lines:

“Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I ask you to vote for me and to return me as your member in the House of Commons, because it has been my life-long ambition to have the letters “M.P.” after my name in a different and more lucrative connotation than they possessed on my arm during the war when I directed military vehicles on Salisbury Plain after being turned down for service overseas on the grounds of flat feet.

“In return for your votes which, if there are sufficient of them, will both directly and indirectly assist my present precarious pecuniary position, I will do my best for you in a Parliament where the humble backbencher counts for nothing – nay, less than nothing when the Whip forces him to vote against his conscience and his constituents’ vital interests.

“I shall make many mistakes. There will be a lot I am not nearly intelligent enough to understand. But in God’s name – I am, of course, an atheist – I shall do my best for you, the people of Tottering Down.”

You have never heard such a speech. You never will. You know why: and yet, it should bring the candidate a thumping majority, the vote of every honest man – and they all claim to be that.

Your politician enters the House by false pretences, and once there, the pretence must be kept up. Perhaps his most exaggerated and most dangerous pretence is to knowledge he does not possess. Nowhere is this truer than concerning Colonial affairs. With grandiloquent gesture and an air of infinite wisdom, your politician will pronounce on the affairs of places he

cannot even point out on the map without first consulting the index.

The younger Member of Parliament is often partially curable. He will secretly go round the corner and seek the low-down from someone who knows. More power to his elbow! So will the very great, those real statesmen who dominate the Lords; for they are truly humble men, and find it exciting to discover at long last, something they did not know. If half the Lords were sacked and the other half ruled Britain, think what a country it would be.

The worst offenders of the whole lot are the Ministers of the Crown. As members of the Cabinet, they feel it incumbent upon themselves to know everything; and for some obscure reason, most people think they do – until they actually come to deal with

them. Then, what a shock it is to find the crass ignorance which underlies some of Britain's policies! But, try to advise, attempt to warn – a mule isn't in it! Furthermore, this inflexibility is only too frequently matched by a certain disregard for what used to pass as principles of conduct. As that incomparable commentator on world affairs, Ogden Nash, remarks: "In the land of mules, there are no rules".

When catastrophe overtakes some community, as is happening today, and may happen tomorrow, next week, next month, next year, do not regard it as necessarily an act of God. It is far more likely to be an act of folly perpetrated by someone who was warned, but who "knew" better, or cared less.

Throwing away an empire is a ticklish political operation; in some ways even

more tricky than acquiring one. Assistance, however, is always forthcoming. The moment the governing power weakens and drops its standards, as soon as principle is abandoned for expediency and hypocrisy and can't replace the truth, as soon as firm rule gives way to appeasement, there is always someone waiting to take advantage of it, to yell for Freedom.

He may have done so before and been judged guilty of something near treason and put in prison for it. All the better! It is from the gaols that modern prime ministers frequently spring; and the designation "Prison Graduate" is of infinitely greater import than the very highest university degree. The man's antics may, at first, be frowned upon outwardly and officially, but no action is taken which will put a stop to

them. “Give him enough rope and he will hang himself” is the whisper put around. But the rope is never judged long enough for the political execution; the man grows in stature amongst the ignorant populace as he flouts the governing power again and again, and insults the Sovereign’s representative without suffering retribution, until he can be held up by the Cabinet Minister responsible, backed by the Press, as the great National Leader, irresistible because of his popular support.

A veil is drawn over his past. Official reports on his iniquities are buried, even judgments of the Sovereign’s courts, perhaps her own Privy Council’s ruling; and a Governor, who may have described him in the most derogatory terms, is forced to treat with him.

He may have been responsible for murder, torture, terrorism. He may have sponsored dark and disgusting ceremonies, perversions. No matter! All is grist to the mill when the governing power wants to get out. So he is encouraged to visit London, given an interview by the Secretary of State, he meets politicians, appears on television and, to the horror of right-thinking people in the colony, comes out of it all not as a leader to darkness and death, but the hope of his side – for he is now on the British Government’s side and they are on his. They want to quit. He wants them to go so that he may take over. What an unholy bargain!

The first step taken – that of introducing the National Leader to the British public – the next stage begins of persuading the gullible masses that

the Leader will govern justly, wisely, democratically, employing humanitarian methods. The British Government has gone to the most extraordinary lengths over this. All things are relative, even the quality of governments; and so it puts a future government in a more favourable light the more a previous one is shown to be imperfect – justly or unjustly.

This may account for the near-silence of Church House in spite of the most damning tirades from nationalist leaders – not to mention their American accomplices – against the injustices, the cruelties, the callousness and worse of colonial rule – i.e. of the policies of the British Government itself. That this goes on without a squeak in reply suggests that it is, on balance, not worth a denial from the Government.

So, the public are brainwashed into thinking that even if the new regime is not particularly promising, it will be replacing one which was pretty dreadful anyway and that the powers that be are in the ghastly predicament of choosing the lesser of two evils and are doing their best in difficult circumstances.

Needless to say, minorities become restive, apprehensive. Statements are made in the House and elsewhere of how greatly the Government value their contribution – as well they may – that their welfare is their unceasing concern etc. etc. And what happens? They are handed over to the rule of a backward majority which cares nought for them, without safeguards, so that the natives can hammer holy hell out of them whenever and however they please. And can Britain intervene? No!

That would be interference in the internal affairs of another sovereign state, only permissible in the case of the Republic of South Africa.

INTO THE MUD

The displeasure a mother-country incurs among her own nationals in the colonies she abandons is a trifling matter she more than makes up for elsewhere. Throwing them to the wolves pays dividends. The Congo shows that quite a reasonable proportion escape before being murdered or raped or both and that the risk of such personal inconvenience is outweighed by a decrease in national unpopularity with the dominant group in the United Nations Organisation.

How embarrassing it is, therefore, for Britain that her erstwhile Dominion of South Africa remains old-fashioned and, even in this day and age, insists on white control within her borders, a policy once supported by Britain, but renounced way back in 1960 in the case of Kenya – almost two years ago.

The embarrassment is all the greater because so much of the basis of rule in South Africa has been derived from Britain. Everyone knows that South Africa's great Prime Minister, Smuts, was an assiduous student of British Colonial Policy to which he himself made some notable contributions. Young British administrators in training listened attentively to Smuts at Oxford. They read Smuts and were encouraged to study his views – and much wisdom and common sense they contained.

There was no conflict then. Britain and South Africa basically pursued the same policy when it came to governing Africans. It was called "Parallel Development" – "The Twin Pyramid Policy". Put simply, the idea was that white men and black men differ. They have different needs,

desires, aims and, therefore, different ideas. You can see it in the Congo today.

We youngsters in those days were urged by our teachers – including the late Lord Lugard – never to forget these essential differences and, therefore, not to go about forcing our ideas on the African but patiently to encourage him to develop his own. It was understood that, at some future unspecified date, Africans would manage their own affairs; and our aim should be to lead them on gradually and educate them to do so.

It was equally understood that white men in Africa should manage their own affairs, that they should be tried by “their peers”, by white judges and juries, have their own schools, hospitals, societies, clubs, hotels – the reason being that white and black are

different. Just the same principle applied to the Asian community in East Africa, and the divisions within it.

Furthermore, the essential differences between certain African tribes were recognised – ethnic, linguistic, cultural differences. Men saw then that there was about as much similarity between the pastoral Masai and the agricultural Kikuyu as between a Mongol herdsman and a French peasant. As a basis for society and government, this was sound common sense and, as such, it worked.

There was another important principle too. Britain decided that her colonies should be developed along Western lines. European and Christian standards of public ethics – not Asiatic – were to prevail.

So the colonies prospered, advancing slowly but steadily, the reins of government in the hands of the British Parliament which, on the whole, kept the diverse elements of the population pulling in the same direction.

Like attracts like, and so there was a natural segregation of different elements which the Government encouraged in many ways. Towns had their European, Asian and African quarters. Certain doors displayed notices – “Gentlemen” or “Men Asian” or “Wanume” (‘men’ in Kiswahili). No one thought of using anyone else’s amenities any more than an Englishman would walk into the “Ladies”.

On the Railways, there was no official segregation but, by and large, Europeans travelled first-class, Asians second and Africans third. There was

overlapping. Chiefs were granted second class Government warrants. Europeans, who had fallen on bad times would also travel second; but it was tacitly understood that you did not mix the races in a compartment any more than you would mix the unmarried of the two sexes.

In short, Britain practised de facto racial segregation; and it made society run smoothly.

Unfortunately, what the Book of Common Prayer refers to as “envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness” has always been a potent factor in Africa – more so even than in Europe. It is particularly dangerous in Africa where the indigenous people have displayed a singular ineptitude since the beginning of time in acquiring the simple luxuries of life most races regard today as necessities.

The African had his hut, his field, his wives and, maybe some livestock; and that was all. This is not to say he cannot appreciate the luxuries of modern life. He appreciates them possibly more than we do, for not only do they appeal to him physically, but their enjoyment boosts his ego; he “raises” himself in his own estimation by doing what the white man does.

The raping of white women by Africans in the Congo was, I am told, a matter of prestige and not a simple, sexual offence. Britain’s rule has always been benign – too benign. She has tended to give primitive people things rather than make them work for them. Inspired by the very best motives, she has undermined morale and encouraged indolence, so that the motto in her colonies, and also in her former dependencies, recently made

independent, is “Ask and ye shall receive” – and ask they do. All over the world one finds people asking, indeed, demanding, that Britain should hand them millions of money on a plate – no strings attached, of course.

The problem which faces Britain is simple to define. She, the referee in a diverse society, no longer intends to pace the field, pulling up the player who fouls. Or, to give up this analogy which won’t work anymore, she is no longer prepared to decide between the rival claims of the diverse elements in a multi-racial society. What does she do?

She indulges in the grossest, most stupid attempt at deception – one which is so stupid it has not a chance of success. As the Kipsigis tribe whittles away arrow shafts and the Masai sharpens his spear for the

coming clash and the Indian closes his business and the European runs down his farm, she announces to the world that her great mission is completed, that her efforts have produced a Nation, now ready to adopt the Westminster Parliamentary System, and live happily ever afterwards – and all in the twinkling of an eye.

The Afro-Asian Group agree. They back her to the hilt. But Dr. Verwoerd does not. He knows Britain is talking rot; and so does Roy Welensky. They are men with responsibilities they will not shirk. Like the Colonial Administrators, they have one criterion. They want to know if this “wind of change”, now risen to gale force, is good for their people: and the answer is an emphatic “NO”.

How very embarrassing for the British Cabinet – particularly the case of Roy

Welensky’s Federation where Britain is “responsible” (after a fashion). Verwoerd, on the other hand, is easy money, so the Cabinet thinks. They will fix him at the next Commonwealth Prime Ministers’ Conference. After all, there will be Tunku Abdul Rahman, Nkrumah, Nehru and that bunch. Diefenbaker is bound to weaken. It is more than life is worth to offend the Afro-Asians, who must be won over to the West.

History does not relate what went on behind the closed doors of the P.M.s’ Conference, but if one may make an intelligent guess, Verwoerd told Macmillan he had no intention whatever of adopting policies which had smashed the Congo and were ruining East Africa. And as to who sat on what seat in a park, or who travelled on which bus, or who used what convenience –

that was a matter the South African people were competent to answer without referring these purely domestic and sanitary affairs to the United Nations or anyone else.

So, poor Macmillan – one cannot help feeling sorry for him – had to choose between the Nkrumah boys and South Africa; and Verwoerd, knowing where the interests of his people lay, helped the P.M. out of his dilemma by doing it for him.

MUD SLINGING

If by mischance you happen to become bespattered with mud on your way to a party, arriving dirty among a crowd of immaculate guests, it is a trifle embarrassing. If, however, another, or preferably many, of the guests have suffered a similar mishap, you feel fine – which only goes to prove that appearances are relative.

So it is in politics. You may be a dirty dog; but if someone else can be shown up as a dirtier dog, you can shine with virtue, particularly in those papers supporting your party. The astute politician must, therefore, not only tart up his own policy to make it look attractive, he must at the same time denigrate all opposing policies, defaming, blackening the characters of their sponsors, casting doubt and more on their sanity, until the public regard

him as the one man who is indispensable because he stands firm between them and a dangerous, malicious bunch of halfwits – a sort of parliamentary St. George on Rolls-Royce back, horses being so out of date.

By early 1961, the British Government had muddied its book in Africa. They had produced Dr. Nkrumah with rather nonconformist ideas of democracy and not quite the firm friendship towards the West which the over-optimistic had expected of him. They had spent a lot of money, but less thought, supporting the United Nations' pathetic efforts in the Congo where you were expected to keep order without interfering in the internal affairs of a sovereign state. The raping of white women and children was internal, so United Nations troops could stand around and look on. The

more or less disciplined regime of Moise Tshombe was not, and must be broken up.

Then there was Uganda, brought to the brink of civil war by desultory policies, not to mention Kenya on the verge of an economic abyss, tribal war, riddled with gangsterism and intimidation as it moaned and groaned crippled towards independence. The only “jewel” was Tanganyika where Mr. Nyerere was doing better – he could not have done worse – where the fatal flaws were known only to the very few, and were quickly plastered over with praise of a perfection which did not exist.

No wonder the pictures of Britain’s Premier showed a very worried-looking man coming off the grouse moors!

And there down south was the indomitable Dr. Verwoerd who was almost certainly saying: “There you are. I told you so. I wouldn’t touch a policy like that with a barge-pole.” Is it to be wondered at that the British Press, radio and television kept reiterating “Apartheid is a wicked thing, Apartheid is a wicked thing, Apartheid is a wicked thing” – like a gramophone with the needle stuck in the groove.

What “apartheid” means was never properly explained. Least of all did the politicians or the press point out that it had been the common practice in British colonies – and in some still was – or that H.M.G. had by its policy of Africanisation (called ‘localisation’) imposed a colour-bar in reverse gear, which effectively disposed of their

own nationals' future prospects permanently and utterly.

The modern technique of mud-slinging is interesting. It has been shown that the more you reiterate a fact or a falsehood – it does not matter which – the more people there will be who will believe it. Therefore, if you say, “Apartheid” is a wicked thing one hundred times, the effect is one hundred times greater than if you only say it once. The degree of persuasion, ‘P’ has been shown to vary directly with the time devoted to persuading, ‘T’ (big T).

The mathematical express this by the equation:

$P \propto T$, or $P = kT$ (where k is a constant for all news programmes from a given broadcasting service).

But a broadcasting service, being a public concern must be fair, or rather, it must appear to be fair. It must put forward the opposing view, because, when challenged, it must be able to prove impartiality by actually pointing out that on, say, April 1st, at a certain time (when fewest people listen) it had done so. This naturally tends to detract from the line it is trying to put across, the degree of detraction, of pulling public opinion in the opposite direction, also depending on the time devoted to this negative process, which we can call ‘t’ (little ‘t’).

The equation then becomes:

$$P = kT - kt$$

$$= k(T - t)$$

You will see, therefore, that if T is great, a little ‘t’ insignificant, as is

always the case, the value of P is not significantly affected by t .

In other words (for the unmathematical), if the loudspeakers in every home in the country blare: "Apartheid is a wicked thing", night after night, the effect of this propaganda is not seriously impaired if a squeaky voice says once in a while: "It is maintained in certain uninfluential circles that there may, perhaps, be some merit in South African policies". Particularly is this the case if the time chosen is Sunday lunch-time, just as the family is mounting a serious attack on the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

The same applies to other unbiased organs of propaganda. Column length per annum, position (whether front page or tucked away among the advertisements), size of headlines, etc. all come into it.

In short, the result of a propaganda campaign on the general public is accurately predictable by mathematical computation and depends on purely physical factors – the dimensions of space and time. Abstract factors, such as truth and falsity, do not enter into it at all, which opens up propaganda as a dead-easy profession to a large number of people to whom ethics is a closed book.

A powerful weapon in the propagandist armoury is Context Extraction Technique, C.E.T. for short. Take the excerpt: "His beautiful bride stood before the altar, a red flower in her dark hair, her shining, bare breasts reflecting the coloured sunlight which streamed through the stained glass of the east window. 'I will', she said simply, thinking of the roast pig she would soon enjoy." The context? –

Knightsbridge or the Andaman Islands? It makes a difference. In this case that is evident; but in others perhaps not quite so clear cut; the importance of context, racial and cultural, is not so obvious to the reader, particularly when the C.E.T. expert has made certain it shall not be.

I well remember a visit by an ardent trade unionist – a good man, a sound man, a clever man. He came to Africa, fired with missionary zeal, to foster the trade union movement. But he was a wise man too, so first he looked around. He went back home even wiser. He told me the natives would be ready for unions in another hundred years' time and he had a lot to do in the meanwhile.

“So what do we do?” I asked him.

“Teach them – No, make them do an honest job of work.” “But exploitation?” I ventured.

“They’re unexploitable” – and he went back to the Welsh coalfields, or wherever he hailed from (I’ve forgotten) to the context where trade unionism applies.

So far, I have dealt with the slingers of mud. What about the chap at the receiving end? Let us continue with our example of South Africa. What has the mud-slinging achieved? What have the C.E.T. boys done? The results, as I see them, are: -

- 1 The loss of South Africa to the Commonwealth;
- 2 The loss of an ally who gave Britain invaluable assistance in two world wars and an £80 million gold loan in 1948;

- 3 The hatred of Britain among a large section of the South African public, both Afrikaner AND British;
- 4 Contempt for British claims to honesty and fair play – and not only contempt in South Africa;
- 5 A blow to white influence all over the world;
- 6 Horselaughs from Dr. Nkrumah, Jomo Kenyatta and their buddies in Africa, Asia and. .. and elsewhere;
- 7 Jubilation in the Kremlin as Mr. K sees the Western powers deny themselves bases which control quite a big chunk of the Southern Atlantic and the Indian Oceans;
- 8 A feeling of holiness in British hearts, not altogether reflected in British brains – the Jamaicans, you know!

What a pity the propagandists had not televised a session of the Bantu Parliament in Umtata, the wonderful African hospitals in South Africa, the high standard of living and feeding of the South African Bantu, compared with those in Britain's Basutoland – or publicised the vast sums Dr. Verwoerd's Government has spent of recent years on African services; his almost fanatical aim to enrich the poor of his country; the relative tranquillity and respect for law and order he has maintained, compared with the "free" countries to the north.

But the vote? What is a vote but a means to an end – to a better life? Has the vote brought a better life in the Congo, Ghana, Kenya? Emphatically, it has not.

I am not a South African, and, like Dr. Verwoerd, I would never maintain

there is nothing wrong in the Republic
– there is something wrong every-
where – but I do like the truth. So to
hell with the propagandists, the C.E.T.
boys, the mud-slingers.

THE NEW MORALITY

Wherever you go, you hear people talk of the force of World Opinion, which means what the Americans think – or rather, feel. Their feelings are important because of their financial influence – some say “stranglehold” – due to a device the economists call “The Gold Standard”. This is simple to understand. Fundamentally, it consists of three parts. First, you make people go on believing that a relatively useless metal, gold, is the only really valuable thing in the world. Then you persuade a lot of chaps to dig it out of great holes in the ground. Lastly, you transport it under heavy guard – for it is very valuable – and bury it in another hole in the ground in America. (It wouldn’t be fair on the Yanks to say where.)

This digging up and reburying of gold has made America all-powerful economically, and so her opinions receive a deference some other nations do not consider they altogether deserve, which makes it necessary for any serious writer on the contemporary scene to study American opinion and try to discover its rational or irrational basis, if any.

The most important American opinion, so far as it affects empires – i.e. any empire, other than the Dollar Empire – is that all dark men are good and all white men are bad outside the U.S.A. And so, when, for instance, dark men come into conflict with white (who are not American citizens) the former are right, the latter wrong. The black Sharpeville and Langa rioters who destroyed eleven churches, six schools and four civic and recreational centres,

damaging others, and who tried to slaughter a handful of white policemen, were good and right. The police, who bravely repulsed their attack, were bad and wrong – very wrong. They should have let themselves be murdered.

It has been explained to me that this is the outcome of America's history. Having been a colony, and having fought for freedom from the colonial yoke – one shilling on a pound of tea – three hundred years ago, they naturally sympathise with colonial peoples who are oppressed by the governing power. And, if there is no oppression? Well, they assume there is.

This theory is too facile to convince. Moreover, it does not hold water. The history of America is straightforward. The colonists established themselves. They wiped out the Red Indians with

whom they came into conflict, or thought they might do one day, leaving (by accident, it seems) only a small number who were later put into reservations, and used to encourage the tourist trade.

The labour shortage resulting was met by the importation of slaves from the West Coast of Africa; but later, half the country thought this was wrong – the half not dependent on slave labour – and fought the other half which considered it right. The latter, it should be explained, grew crops like cotton and tobacco; which need a lot of hard work. It was decided on the battlefield that slavery was wrong, and so, henceforth, the Negroes became free American citizens.

Now, Americans are very keen that others should follow their immaculate example. Let us see how this should

have been done in, say, South Africa and Rhodesia.

The white colonists, when strong enough, should have exterminated by the sword and by destroying the food crops (because there were no bison), the great bulk of the black inhabitants.

The odd Bushman might have been left to add to the tourist appeal of the rock paintings. You would need a Hottentot hut or two in the Kalahari Desert, while a Bantu dad, mum and babies would have added the human touch to Zimbabwe and pleased Miss Caton-Thompson.

The labour shortage which would have arisen round Johannesburg and Kimberley and on the Copper Belt ... ? That would have been the snorter of a problem, because, by that time, all the spare Red Indians, who could have

made a two-way traffic in slaves, reducing the freight rates and therefore the capital cost of labour, had gone. I cannot see the answer to that.

However, the colonists of South Africa should have brought the Boer War forward one hundred and twenty-five years, so that they entered the nineteenth century with a Union, a “constitootshun”, a banner spangled with something or other and all the other paraphernalia of Democracy with a capital ‘D’.

Instead, what happened? The indigenous inhabitants were allowed to survive, encouraged to increase, assisted to better themselves. And now, America is helping them to dominate the colonists. Retaliation is impossible. Not enough Red Indians are left in America to pitch the drunks out of the bars.

The race problems, which have caused so many a British and Afrikaner headache, spring from their not having followed the great American example.

They are doing better now, but only in a very minor way. Ice cream is quite popular – hot dogs are served in the more exclusive establishments – there are a number of branded, fizzy drinks, which children like, in bottles with crown corks – cities like Durban and Johannesburg feebly imitate the up-and-up American type of architecture – but the crucial problem remains – les indigenes.

What the white Colonist, George Washington, would say if he could see the way white colonists are kicked around these days, one can only imagine. I do not think he would be very popular with the Afro-Asian Bloc. More likely he would be the

firm friend of Roy Welensky and Verwoerd.

I have a paper beside me as I write which reports that an American philanthropist, wishing to relieve suffering in the Congo, proposes to send some £2,000,000-worth of frozen chickens to help out the food supplies in that unhappy country. The report adds that he assumes adequate refrigeration space will be available!

I trust that someone will inform him that you can “assume” nothing in Africa, least of all in those countries which have become the victims of “democratic freedom”. You would not assume that there is still a bridge over the river down the road, that a railway train will end up where it is meant to go, that water will come out of a tap when you turn it on, that lights will light when you use a switch, that there

is petrol in the garage pump, or even that you will come back alive if you go out of your own front door. You can assume nothing but chaos.

The announcement about the chickens shows that there are some Americans at least who do not appreciate the chaos the “liberation” of empires so frequently brings about. I think they should know, and I think they should also know why this is so in so far as it concerns the U.S.A.

When Americans visit Africa, they are often impressed by seeing black men working as machine operators – setting type in printing presses – perching high overhead, constructing buildings – attending switchboards – doing all manner of skilled work. What the visitor does not see, and therefore often fails to realise, is that the black workman is backed by, and

relies implicitly on, the white technician. For instance, there is not a single African in East Africa today who, by himself, can make a sheet of roofing iron, a girder, or even a nail – none, I have ever met in more than thirty years, who can design a modern building.

At the time of the Lancaster House Conference in early 1960, at which Kenya was set on the road to African government, the Secretary of State’s attention was drawn to the fact that there were only thirty-one Africans out of 62 million, who had been trained to European professional standards – 23 doctors, 1 accountant (not chartered) and 7 lawyers, one of whom had been struck off the Rolls of Court for reasons we need not go into. The Secretary of State knew all this – and when I say so, I am not guessing,

because I drafted the report. It pointed out that there were not a properly qualified African dentist, engineer, surveyor, architect, veterinary surgeon, plant breeder, geneticist in the country. In short, the colony was entirely dependent on European and Asian skills. The report made no difference.

At this time, Mr. Mboya was receiving substantial funds from the U.S.A. while his group of nationalists was quite openly encouraged, on the other side of the Atlantic, to fight for political power so that the Government would pass into African hands. Either Americans did not know the position or they wished the Government of Kenya to pass to incompetents, in spite of their own insistence on technological efficiency. Or, did they think that the black could govern, employing the

white in a subordinate capacity? Perhaps, one day, an American authority will enlighten us.

As we have seen earlier, you cannot trade in primitive countries without administrative control; a lesson which should have been learned way back in the days of Clive in India. It now transpires – so the perspicacious reader will discern – that there are all manner of other things for which such control is necessary. He will see that you cannot even maintain civilized living, let alone develop it, if the reins of power are in primitive hands. This explains why the British Government is at such pains to construct haloes round curly heads and is so prompt to replace them when some sharp deviation from the straight and narrow path of rectitude throws them off. When a future ruler commits the indis-

cretion of robbing the till, forgetting *habeas corpus*, murders a few of the opposition, organises a secret society with obscene and perverted rituals too bestial to mention or, maybe, makes a habit of all these pastimes – not to mention others too – every device is used to hide the facts from the public gaze or, if that be impossible, to white-wash the man concerned. The story is put out – true or false is immaterial – that the case is not as bad as it seemed at first sight; that there were extenuating circumstances (not accurately defined); that you cannot expect quite the same behaviour in Kiambu as in Kensington (how true!); that the offender is not as bad as he used to be and shows signs of becoming a gentleman one day; that the bloke he bumped off is a good riddance any way. And if none of these is applic-

able, a gullible public is told that for once the leopard has changed its spots, that the old devil has reformed and repents him of the evil; thus calling for the exercise of Christian charity by all, even by those his past deeds have left bereft of loved ones who died a hideous death.

In short, all standards are lowered, all rules are waived in the search for someone, anyone, good or bad, who will take over power and run the Colony Britain no longer wants, run it well, if possible – if not, run it anyhow.

THE WAY TO “FREEDOM”

Looking back on a long administrative career, it is interesting to reflect on who taught one most. I owe a debt of gratitude to those who, by example, showed me what to do and, equally, to those who, also by example, quite unconsciously showed me what not to do.

One I should like to thank is a man called Towegale Kiwanga, a good-looking, courteous, charming man. He was till very recently Mtema (Paramount Chief) of the Wabena of the Ulanga District in Tanganyika – a virile man, a strong, wise and clever ruler. He was an educated person who wrote a history of his tribe in the Swahili language – good, strong, warlike stuff, which read very like the more belligerent parts of the Old

Testament. He was my close friend; and I valued his friendship.

I should have liked him to read this, but he never will because he died the other day, leaving 40 widows and 100 orphans. His was a fine family, capable of raising among its own members a dancing troupe, a choir, a social welfare team, not to mention two or three football sides and a galaxy of administrators, all trained by Father.

Coming from England, I was, as a young man, democratically minded. Coming from Africa, Towegale was not. I shall never forget his horror when I suggested a question of policy should be put to a mass meeting of his people. I was inexperienced then, but I soon learned that a ruler in Africa made up his own mind. It was not to be made up for him. Over very

difficult matters he might consult a handful of elders privately – never the common people.

This tribal African realised what Democracy had missed – that 95%, of people are only fit to obey orders and lack the mental equipment to form a balanced judgment on any matter other than their own very simple day-to-day affairs – and not even then, perhaps.

For instance, his peasant people would be told when to dig, what to grow and when to plant. The Chief decided; and well it was he did, or, time and time again, there would have been famine in the land. As it was, the Wabena fed well and grew rich on their exports of rice and cotton. The prosperity of Towegale's people depended, in this and other ways, on what some would call his "unwarranted interference with the liberty of the subject".

It is considered in Britain and the U.S.A. that Democracy, like Guinness, is "good for you". The will of the majority, usually erroneous, is treated as sacred; and so, the vote is given to all. Now, since there are in any society more little men than great ones, more fools than sages, the tendency must be to elect men who, on the whole, are neither great nor wise. It is not fair on them, because little men, trying to be great, nearly all fall victims, sooner or later, to duodenal ulcers or cardiac disease or both. Nor is it fair on the electorate, always letting them get the government they deserve.

Certain safeguards against this deplorable state of affairs have existed from time to time. It has been the duty of certain people in certain countries to "advise" the voter on his choice – the lord of the manor, the priest, the

employer. In other states the choice of candidates is limited by the One Party System in such a way that error is impossible. In yet others, the strong-arm boys enforce wisdom at the polling booth. But all these safeguards are out of fashion in the West, which seeks to remedy matters by universal education, the idea being that everyone is made so wise that folly cannot operate.

This, we must presume, was the idea behind the recent (1961) elections in Kenya, because any number of parties was allowed, intimidation was put down, so Government told us, and, although those electors who had never held a pencil before had to be assisted to make their crosses, the ballot was secret – we were informed. Be that as it may. What is indisputable is that a large section of the electorate,

however well qualified in other directions, was so unfamiliar with the alphabet that every voting paper had symbols on it, representing the candidates. Thus, I found myself voting for a hippopotamus. On the platform, the hippopotamus wore spectacles and an Old Etonian tie which naturally reminded me that the Battle of Waterloo was won in the swamps of Eton.

The hippo's opponent was a giraffe, an African ruminant quadruped with spotted skin and long neck. I did not object to him chewing the cud if he wanted to; nor was I put off by the spotted skin. But that long neck! I had seen the giraffe stick it out at a constitutional conference in London; and I knew he was no good to me.

The hippo raced away from the giraffe and won easily. That, however, was

but the beginning of an amazing and interesting story.

In this election, there were two kinds of seats, open and reserved. In the former constituencies, the procedure was much the same as in Britain, everyone voting for the candidate of his choice, indicated by a symbol – a clock or an aeroplane or whatever it was. All those elected were black. The Secretary of State rightly realised this would be so – that the African majority were bound to vote on racial lines – and so to have nothing but these open seats would produce a Legislature lacking a single European or Asian constituency member. He, therefore, made what he called “Reserved Seats”; and it was for one of these, a European reserved seat, that my hippo was so successful – at first. But the idea of white men voting as

white men and being able to decide on their own who should represent them was “racial” and, therefore, anathema. So it was decreed that, for the reserved seats, there should be two elections; a primary and a secondary. In the primary election (hippo v. giraffe) I have described, the European voter was required to say which of the two candidates, if either he was prepared to tolerate. You could, if you liked, write ‘yes’ or ‘no’ against both. The rule was that any candidate receiving more than 25% ‘yesses’ then went on to a secondary election in which all races voted.

Good! my hippo got 74% in the primary, the giraffe 26%; so both went on. Needless to say, however, the Africans, who grossly outnumbered the whites and whose vote was, therefore, the deciding factor in the

secondary election, threw out my hippo and put in the giraffe. This they did, not because the voters knew anything about either candidate or his policy, but because a handful of black politicians had ordered such a result to suit themselves. By these means, the Europeans in Kenya's most important rural constituency today find themselves represented by a man – Michael Blundell – against whom they registered what amounts to a 74% vote of no-confidence but who, nevertheless, the Secretary of State rules, has – to use his own words – “their effective and genuine support”.

Mr. Iain Macleod made a speech I heard, part of which is accurately reported in the Kenya Gazette of 25th February, 1960, Vol. LXII – No. 13, price Sh. 1/-, in which he made it clear that this election was part and parcel

of “Her Majesty's Government's aim ... to build a nation on parliamentary institutions on the Westminster model”. Parliamentarians, please note!

TYPES OF FREEDOM

For many years now, a fetish has been made of self-determination. It is assumed to be GOOD if you can do what you want and BAD if your course of action is dictated by someone else. The most extraordinary statements have been based on this axiom. A Kenya African Member of Legislative Council told the House that, if his fellows wished to revert to savagery, they should revert. Well-fed orators who thump the table and shout: "Better starvation under our own government than plenty under the oppressors" almost invariably do so to the rousing cheers of the mob. That those who provide plenty can scarcely be called "oppressors", while a government bringing starvation deserves to be thrown out, does not

seem to penetrate. The cheers are always deafening.

Government is a means to an end, not an end in itself. It is a mechanism for organising certain activities in a society so that the individuals composing that society are happy, prosperous and contented. At least, it should be. It is not a device to pander to the vanity of the politician, to satisfy the lust for power, or even to provide dusky prime ministers with yachts and large balances in Swiss banks. If we accept this, then we have a yardstick with which to measure the goodness or badness of governments. They may be judged by results – "By their fruits ye shall know them".

In mid-1960, the Congo achieved independence. Within days, the Force Publique had mutinied and well-armed bands of soldiers roamed the place

beating, shooting, raping, looting, manifesting various unpleasant aspects of the “African personality” about which we have recently heard (and seen) so much – too much.

The country broke up, communications virtually ceased to exist and the refugees, the men and women who had built the Congo’s prosperity, poured out. Some were injured, some were sick. A few young girls were mentally deranged. They had been raped too often. Obviously, therefore, the African Government could not claim to be good so far as its effect on the Belgians went.

But they were only the “hated imperialists, the oppressors”. If a dozen or more are beaten or raped or killed, as they were only the other day at Lulua-bourg, no one seems to worry much.

The United Nations troops – in this case white troops – stood by and let the Congolese get on with knocking hell out of the Belgians, for Belgians in the Congo are obviously there to be got rid of.

It is assumed that the worst of all evils is the colonial power which has governed the country, brought wealth, development, education, hospitals – order out of chaos. It is the African demagogue’s fanatical belief that, come what may, the first essential in life is to be rid of that power and its nationals at any price, even that of producing chaos out of order, which the Congolese have done most effectively.

And so, you have a country today in which law and order do not exist, a country rent by civil war, riddled with corruption, terrorized by roving bands

of intimidators, murderers, rapists and thieves – bankrupt, with no chance of recovery in any time we can foresee.

Then on the East Coast of Africa, there is the unhappy example of Kenya, not yet independent, but where the mere prospect of rule by the majority has cut the value of investments on the Stock Exchange by between a half and two-thirds, where some of the best farm land in the world is now unsalable, a country in which law and order is breaking down and the whites, who provide the bulk of the economy, are disappearing.

And why? Because anyone with any sense knows exactly what to expect when the Africans achieve independence. Many of the men now wielding political power were until recently detained for the part they played in Mau Mau, a depraved, perverted,

murderous cult with rituals too filthy to describe, including cannibalism. The whites do not fancy being ruled by them. Nor do the Asians, but they are far too terrified to say so.

The Secretary of State speaks of making a “nation” of this lot, “based on parliamentary institutions on the Westminster model”. That means majority rule with the primitive and ignorant – including the Mau Mau – on top, and the cultured and educated under them. Needless to say, the whites do not relish the idea at all. They will go – they must go; and what will happen then? Will the roads and bridges remain even passable? Will trains run? Will there still be water and electricity in Nairobi, Nakuru, Eldoret? What manner of men will tend the sick, teach the young, try the

offender? The cleverer Mau Mau, perhaps? Who knows?

It does not seem to have dawned on British and American politicians that you cannot build up a modern technology in a primitive country, and then abandon it to the ignorant and the predatory, without calamity overtaking all – yes ALL.

Curiously enough, the one country which appreciates this fact, and acts upon it, is reviled by the vociferous sponsors of peace and progress in the United Nations and, since they refuse to take an unbiased look at what goes on in such a place, let us do so for them. Let us examine the situation in South Africa and honestly form our own opinion of it.

Internationally, the Republic of South Africa is strongly and openly anti-

Communist and a firm ally of the Western Powers. This guardian of the vital sea routes round the Cape of Good Hope provides facilities for Britain and the U.S.A. for ships, aircraft, missile tracking, a space probe telescope, and trade.

She has fought alongside Britain and America in two world wars and sent her planes to fight against the Communists in Korea. In return, both her “allies” have attacked her in the United Nations and supported powers who seek to destroy her.

South Africa is the only major industrial nation on the African Continent. She imports vast quantities of goods from Britain and the U.S.A. and she has the gold to pay for them. Besides gold, her assets include uranium, platinum and many other metals, enormous quantities of easily worked coal,

diamonds, the second largest sulphuric acid plant in the world, and a vast agricultural and stock-raising potential. She has far and away both the largest national income (over £2,000 million) and the highest per capita income on the whole of the continent, coupled with low taxation. Taxes in South Africa amount to 12.9% of the national income as opposed to the 28.6% wrung from the British taxpayer.

There are other things about the South African economy to make a Chancellor of the Exchequer's mouth water.

The criticism levelled at South Africa is that she practises a policy of separate racial development which is called "apartheid" or "apartness". That she does so is true. The critics maintain that this policy denies political

rights to the Bantu and seeks to keep them poor and in a position of subservience for all time. This is not true, as many a Bantu business man can tell you.

Take Ephraim Tshabalala, whose picture I have in front of me. He stands with his wife, Carolina, beside a large American car he has presented to her, a present most of us could not afford. Why can he? He could not twelve years ago when he started with £17 in his pocket. But today, it is different. He now owns a big store, a restaurant, a hair-dressing saloon, a chemist shop, three butcheries and a garage which sells 60,000 gallons of petrol a month, topping the sales for any filling station in South Africa. He has built a £60,000 air-conditioned theatre and he is the founder and chairman of the Bantu Retailers'

Mutual Aid Association which controls some thousand shops in the Bantu townships of the Republic.

This surely, gives the lie to those who maintain that apartheid means lack of economic opportunity for the Bantu.

Coming down the scale, there are Bantu business men who bank up to £1,000 a day, while lower still, factory operatives earn £25 to £40 a month, certain specialised workers £80 to a £100 month, policemen up to £55 a month and teachers up to £800 a year. And where else on the continent can Africans earn such wages?

The opportunity is there all right. Indeed, nowhere else in Africa has the black man greater opportunity than in the Republic of South Africa, which accounts for the large number of alien Bantu who enter South Africa

illegally. We must, therefore, concede that economically the Government's policy has succeeded in the case of both black and white.

Such success, however, does not weigh with the critics, particularly with those who, so mistakenly, regard politics as of more importance than economics and who, to hear them talk, you would imagine set more store by a voting card in their hands than a good meal in their bellies. Their argument is that since the blacks out-number the whites, the former should rule the roost – the same argument as is used by politicians in Ghana, Tanganyika, Kenya and the Congo with results, some of which we have seen, some of which are yet to come.

The problem confronting South Africa was and is, to devise a form of government suited to a country where the

civilized population of European origin is a minority outnumbered by a very backward majority of Bantu who, incidentally, came in from the north after the first white settlers arrived. In considering the problem it must be remembered that two-thirds of the ten million Bantu live on their own land under their own chiefs in the Bantu Homelands which comprise an area greater than that of England and Wales.

There were two possible approaches to the problem – the separate development of the races or a multi-racial state. South Africa is being castigated because she chose the former and rejected the latter.

The notion of the multi-racial state is based on the assumption that less developed peoples, when given political power, will respect the rights

and appreciate the value of the more advanced minority. It was the hope in the Congo a couple of years ago, as it was the hope of Mr. Macleod at the Kenya Constitutional Conference in 1960. It has turned out to be a vain one.

Those who listen to the East African radio every night and read the papers every day, will bear me out when I say that not once do we hear an African leader speak of anything other than an African government after independence. Multi-racialism is a dead duck, for the Africans themselves have rejected it. As they so truly say, you can have either white or black domination. On the West Coast, in the Congo and in East Africa it is to be black domination. The white South Africans have decided on white domination in their country – and who

can blame them? For there can be no doubt, if we may judge from elsewhere, that in a multi-racial South Africa, the numerically superior Bantu would demand administrative control, even at the expense of economic chaos and the disastrous impoverishment of the Bantu peoples themselves.

Dr. Verwoerd has taken up the attitude that he is prepared to consider any policy which will improve the lot of any section of the South African people. Why pressure is persistently being brought to bear on him to adopt the policy of multi-racialism, notable only for the catastrophe it has brought elsewhere, is curious, and leads one to suspect that the protagonists of disaster have motives other than the prosperity and happiness of the vast developing Bantu of South Africa.

Most Europeans and Americans – outside South Africa – not to mention Africans, Mr. Nehru and Tunku Abdul Rahman, believe – or say they do – that apartheid means the permanent denial of political rights to non-whites. In point of fact, the Bantu of South Africa are on the road to full political rights; but they will exercise their rights as a separate people in their own territories.

Many people, who know this, still continue their castigation of the South African Government on the score that its policy really amounts to shoving the Bantu out of the way and leaving them to rot, a criticism which implies either ignorance or distortion of the facts and figures, or failure to get a pass mark in elementary arithmetic.

Bantu taxation yields a total of £4.4 million which is 10% of the cost of

direct and indirect services to the Bantu. The direct taxes they pay contribute 1½% of the State's total income.

Yet, in 1959, Bantu education alone cost the State £8.5 million for the 1.3 million pupils attending school – and that is only one of the services heavily subsidised by the State, which means, in effect, paid for by the non-Bantu. Why do they pay?

There are many reasons. If you look up the record of the proceedings of Parliament on 10th May, 1960, one reason comes out clearly. The Minister of Bantu Administration and Development said: “Some hon. members will be astounded to know that we have spent approximately £100,000,000 in clearing up these (slum) conditions; more than £40,000,000 were spent in providing good housing and other

facilities and more than £50,000,000 in providing transport for the Bantu. Today, I am in the position to announce that, within a comparatively short space of time, all the ugly places will have been cleared up properly. Why have we done it? We did it because we regarded it as one of the greatest problems we had to tackle – greater than the development of the Bantu areas – for it is fundamental to us that those people should be properly housed. A human being who is not properly housed is an unhappy human being. He falls prey to communism, he is the person who falls prey to all that is evil in life”.

I wonder how many readers saw this speech reported outside South Africa? And yet, it is one redolent of achievement and, also, of a frame of mind South Africa's detractors ignore.

The South Africans might do well to draw outside attention to their humanitarian traits; but they never will, because they are just not like that.

If you ask a Johannesburg business man why he agrees to so much of his money being spent on the Bantu, he will avoid any mention of philanthropy like the plague. He will talk about the national income of the Bantu population, £400,000,000 a year, developing the Bantu market, and so on; and he will sum it up in the words: "It pays". Too true! It does pay: it pays everybody in every way. Therein lies South Africa's strength and the source of her confidence in the face of calumny from those who cannot do things half as well.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Our study of inconsistency cannot omit the latest and, in some ways, the most glaring instance of all. African politicians, no matter where they hail from – the West Coast, the East, the Central African Federation – never mind whether they are Nkrumah's, Kenyatta's, Kiwanuka's or Nyerere's – all are united on one thing. None ever fails to take an opportunity of railing against South Africa. No abuse is too undignified, no condemnation of this highly successful nation too severe. South Africa, which spends some £2,000,000 a year on keeping alien Africans out is Hell (with a capital 'H') and its great Prime Minister is equated with the Prince of Darkness, the Devil (with a capital 'D').

A leading Kenya African politician, when in England, tried to get the trades union organisation to persuade dockers that they should refuse to handle South African goods. The said politician got a flea in his ear, because the dockers were more interested in maintaining employment than in helping black Africans tear a strip off white ones – quite naturally.

So, South African goods are still being unloaded and, as the British housewife shops according to price and quality, they are still being sold.

Certain Kenya African politicians have gone so far as to say that, come independence, they will close Nairobi Airport to South African planes. The chairmen of airlines and the Prime Minister of South Africa, I happen to know, read the newspapers; and forewarned is forearmed. Therefore, being

far from unintelligent men, we can assume they took action. Indeed, we know they did, because when the recent floods in Kenya prevented aircraft fuel reaching Nairobi, the big planes “overflow” – to use a technical term – which means they passed Nairobi at an altitude of, perhaps 25,000 feet, without so much as waving, just as though Kenya’s capital city – not to mention the African politicians – did not matter at all.

I do not know whether the significance of this has penetrated the minds of the politicians, or not; so I cannot say whether they now realise that the closing of Nairobi Airport, while losing them revenue, will not disrupt South Africa’s air communications at all.

For a long time, there have been threats to sever trade relations with South Africa when independence comes to the countries of East Africa. No doubt, this will happen. The effect will be that East Africa will have to dispose of about 3% of its exports elsewhere, while South Africa must find alternative markets for 4% of hers. The effect on East Africa with its negligible industrial potential, will be far greater than on South Africa which will not stagger as the result of this economic flea-bite.

These policies of biting off one’s nose to spite one’s face demonstrate the hatred the East African blacks feel for South Africa, a hatred which both Britain and the U.S.A. have done much to foster. In view of South Africa’s strategic value to the West, her role as the only bulwark against

Communism on the Continent, not to mention the fact that she provides the gold without which, it seems, sterling would no longer be sterling and the dollar would not buy the respect it does for things American, it is difficult to understand why Britain and the U.S.A. join the Afro-Asians in slapping her down all the time.

That, however, is digressing. What matters is that East African black politicians hate South Africa like hell. To them, there is nothing good about the place; and apartheid, although an internal matter, represents an all-time low and adequate justification for any action against the Republic, even economic sanctions by the United Nations.

It therefore comes as somewhat of a surprise when the African party, which is now in the Kenya Government and

whose leader, Mr. Ngala, is Leader of the House, sponsors a policy of apartheid for Kenya. Of course, Mr. Ngala does not call it “apartheid”. That would be more than his job is worth. He calls it “regionalism”; but apartheid it is, undoubtedly. Apparently, a rose by any other name does not smell just as sweet – certainly not to Mr. Ngala and his Kenya African Democratic Union, (KADU for short).

KADU reasons thus. The Party represents the smaller tribes, the Kalenjin peoples, chiefly. Their opponents, the Kenya African National Union – KANU – primarily represents the two big tribes, the Kikuyu and the Luo, the Party’s President being none other than Jomo Kenyatta, convicted organiser of Mau Mau, so the courts decreed: “leader to darkness and death”,

according to His Excellency the Governor, the great national hero and leader, so his Party claims.

KADU fears domination by the strong and crafty Kikuyu element in KANU. It, therefore, very sensibly sponsors a scheme for regional autonomy of such a nature as to prevent the Kikuyu and Luo interfering in the affairs of the Kalenjin peoples. This idea of separating antagonistic groups is not new. There are many precedents – e.g. India and Pakistan. Ireland.

In East Africa, the Colonial governments adopted various degrees of regionalism to reduce friction between tribe and tribe. In all cases, tribes were given control of their own domestic affairs under the supervision of British administrative officers, and this made for peace. In a few cases, where border affrays were frequent and, maybe,

difficult to control, Europeans were sometimes settled in no-man's-land to act as a buffer state.

In towns different peoples tended to segregate – it was a case of “birds of a feather...” – and this was encouraged. In Zanzibar, for instance, the different mainland tribes, over on the Island to work in the clove industry, each had its own club where membership was confined to the tribe in question.

Separation meant peace and this was the basic idea of the (Kenya) United Party's policy at the Lancaster House Constitutional Conference in early 1960. I know because I was there. Indeed, as the Party's Chairman, I drafted the scheme myself, and heard the Party Leader, L. R. Briggs put it forward. He was followed by that powerful and persuasive speaker, B. P. Roberts, then by Fred Day and lastly

by Bobbie Maxwell, an ex-Mayor of Nairobi who knows so much about the problems of urban life in East Africa. It was as good a team as ever batted on the Lancaster House wicket and it whipped the bowling. The trouble was the leading member of the opposing team – alias the umpire, the Secretary of State. We found him terribly difficult; and I think it may help the future writers of history books to know why. As a democrat, he appreciated the alleged benefits of the common people sharing in the government of the country by means of elections on a broad franchise. What he did not seem to realise, however, was that even more important than what your share is, is what it is you share; that it is better to share indirectly in peace and prosperity than to share directly in

chaos and bankruptcy such as, as he was warned, his policies would produce – and which they have produced.

Like Mr. Ngala's later policy, and like the South African policy, the United Party's plan sought to give the diverse peoples of Kenya what they wanted by enabling them, as far as possible, to manage their own affairs; and it aimed at preserving law and order and avoiding friction by keeping them from treading on one another's political corns.

The Africans, Mr. Ngala included, howled it down as "apartheid". The Secretary of State, aided by Blundell and his group, scrapped it as incompatible with the Westminster model on which he seemed prepared to put his shirt as the only possible winner but which turned out to be a

non-starter. The Press boys too were very rude about us.

Twenty months later, however, virtually the same scheme but put forward this time by an African, “has great merit” the Press says. It commands the earnest attention of the Secretary of State (another one); and no-one dares to say, “Apartheid”.

To be perfectly fair to Mr. Ngala, the two schemes are not identical. The United Party policy allowed the Europeans too to manage *their* own affairs and, in this way, sought to perpetuate their vital economic contribution to the country. Mr. Ngala considers this not to be necessary. He parcels out the Europeans, those in the west to be ruled by him and his boys; those in the east to come under the Kikuyu yoke which he himself will not tolerate. His scheme, therefore,

cannot but drive out the European and wreck the economy. That is the subtle difference between the two.

Thus, Mr. Ngala and KADU are pushing a policy of apartheid, of separate development for different groups of Africans, coupled with the idea of the domination by such groups of both the Europeans and the Asians. And so, Mr. Ngala, who has divided a lot of his time between inveighing against racial domination and the evils of apartheid, combines the two and claims the resultant policy to be the only possible blueprint for Kenya's Constitutional future.

Amazing? Not a bit! When you have been in African politics for some time – the first twenty years are the worst – you get used to this sort of thing.

Inconsistent? Not in the least! If Europeans dominate Africans, that, of course, is wrong; but for Africans to dominate Europeans is quite different. That is right. The United Nations say so.

Separate development? Naturally, that is quite wrong, immoral; it stinks – in South Africa, and must be resisted to the bitter end. But in Kenya? It is quite different if Mr. Ngala adopts the policy of apartheid there; only he must not call it that, because it is a dirty word deserving of the stigma, hatred and abuse exclusively reserved for the South African Government. “Regionalism” is so much more polite.

A controversy now rages as to whether the KADU policy of regionalism ought to be adopted or whether the strong, central government KANU advocates is the better constitutional

solution. In either case the result will be the same, because, even if KANU has its way, regionalism will come after a civil war for which preparations are already well advanced. Regionalism is a *sine qua non* in any large area in which diverse, territorial elements of the population are antagonistic and cannot be controlled by a central government; and no African-controlled government in the Capital could do that.

Thus, whatever anyone may decide around the conference table, regionalism – alias apartheid – it will be; and a white-haired statesman in Cape Town will smile.

THE PRICE THEY PAY

World Opinion pronounces Independence a Good Thing. Perhaps it is sometimes somewhere, and not so good at other times elsewhere. It all depends on what you mean by “good”, which is a very difficult thing to argue about and not very profitable.

I have no intention of pronouncing on such a matter. The reader must decide for himself. To assist him, we shall here merely consider what independence costs, asking the question, “Is it worth it?” – and leaving it at that. The answer will naturally vary from person to person. A lot of people thought independence worth it in the Congo. A lot did not; and, I am told, numbers of folk have changed their minds since the day King Baudouin assisted in hauling down the Belgian flag and

flew away. Maybe Patrice Lumumba was one of them.

We must not, however, harp on the Congo, because perhaps that may be an isolated example, the exception which proves the rule. It was with this thought in my mind that I turned over a daily paper recently.

A leader referred to Kenya as “a land of fear, a land where the thugs are beginning to take over”.

On the front page I found that the Somalia Minister of Health, Sheikh Ali Jumali, had been sacked “for alleged mismanagement of flood relief work and misapplication of medical supplies”.

We were told that “as aid poured into the capital from all over the world, relief work was still in a chaotic state”, that effective relief of the starving and

sick “is being hampered by lack of information from the badly hit areas and the R.A.F. is virtually playing a game of “blind man’s buff” with its food drops...

“...because of lack of co-ordination on the ground much of the food is not distributed from drop spats and there are allegations that much of the relief supplies, including penicillin, is being sold at black-market prices.”

How pleased the victims must be that the British Administration is no more – that they are now ‘free’!

The next thing to catch my eye was a photo of Dar-es-Salaam Airport, brightly decorated to receive the royal visitor who, four days from then, would haul down the Union Jack in Tanganyika’s capital on which he

would confer city status, becoming in return Dar-es-Salaam’s first freeman.

My regard for the Royal Family made me hope fervently that the Duke of Edinburgh would drink no water in Dar-es-Salaam, that special soda water would be flown in to dilute his whisky, that he would not have forgotten his mosquito boots and insect repellent cream, and that his doctor would see to it that he took his 5 grains of quinine bi-hydrochloride a day, or whatever antimalarial drug is prescribed for him on these auspicious occasions.

I was not being alarmist, merely thinking of prudence in view of what I had read, again in the same paper. It stated that “Yesterday the Medical Officer of Health, Dr. W. G. Guest, warned that mains samples in the town had revealed “widespread contami-

nation”... “It is the worst report on water in Dar-es-Salaam during the past nine years”, Dr. Guest added.

The worried M.O.H. “also appealed to people to take rigorous anti-malarial precautions” as a partial answer to the very heavy mosquito infestation expected “because of the heavy rains” which are not unusual, “and reduced control”, a new departure partly caused, no doubt, by the fact that “The number of health inspectors with the council had dropped from four to one and mosquito control officers from three to one”.

The excitement in Dar-es-Salaam on the eve of Independence was terrific, naturally. I felt it would rise above fever heat should a fire break out, because, so my paper told me “with an added fire risk from the thousands of decorative lights put up, the town will

probably greet its visitors with no senior officers on the fire brigade”.

I could only hope most of the lights were better fixed than the “large aluminium and fibre-glass torch, mounted on top of the 140 foot high V.H.F. mast at Telephone House”. This, it appears, caught the wind, “causing the mast to sway and shear away some of its fastenings”.

And just alongside this, I found another little bit about Kenya: “The war-cry of the Kipsigis sounded over the hills in the Kericho district at the weekend when they heard of the attack on the women at Koru. They remembered that two others had been similarly slashed and murdered in the same village in the past month and were determined to get revenge on the Kikuyu”.

All this – every bit of it – was from a single edition (5.12.61) of that very sober and strongly anti-alarmist paper, the East African Standard.

However, never mind! Britain has decreed that all these places are ripe for independence. Somalia has got hers. Tanganyika has hoisted her black, green and gold tricolour and dispensed with the red, white and blue while Kenya will become a self-governing sovereign state as soon as Britain can possibly force independence on her -perhaps during some brief spell of tranquillity which may, or may not, occur quite by accident.

But, back to Dar-es-Salaam. What happened at the jubilations? Besides all the back-scratching speeches, two major strikes (I believe called off at the last minute), the bunting and the

bugles which should have played the Last Post, the drunks in the beer halls and the whores in Kichwele Street, other things were at work. Anopheles mosquitos were spreading malaria, and thirst quenching draughts of water from the taps doubtless did unpleasant things to alimentary tracts. So much the M.O.H. told us would occur before he resigned. On top of that, however, the great concourse of people, flocking to the celebrations, brought with them their parasites and their infections to spread around indiscriminately; and since the medical services are not quite what they were, the result may well have been more serious than it would have been some years ago.

We can certainly write off a few deaths from infantile malaria and a number of miscarriages and abortions. There will be some cases of sterility

arising from the fun – but it will have been great fun, so why worry? One would not if it ended there, but it will not; because the independence celebrations mark not only the end of an era, but the beginning of the rot.

AIDING CORRUPTION

In my young days, a senior post in the Administration demanded good schooling from the age of five to eighteen, a university honours degree, the Tropical African Services Course, a couple of years on probation in a colony. By that time, you were allowed to stick down a letter you had written, provided your senior officer had passed it, check the cash and the tax receipts and perform other menial tasks allotted by the District Commissioner to the learner. What you could not do in any circumstances was to make a decision, no matter how trivial, on matters of policy. That came later – much later – when, after perhaps six years, you were placed Acting in Charge of a district. You ceased to “act” when you had about a dozen years’ service to your credit.

After some twenty years in districts, working and learning all the time, the more brilliant officer might be placed in charge of a province.

Not so today. An African who could never hope to acquire his School Certificate, can – no trouble at all – walk straight into a ministry. Jomo Kenyatta, who has never in his life had any experience of parliamentary work, or even of administration, other than – so the courts ruled – organising Mau Mau, is tipped off in certain circles in Africa and in England as Kenya’s first Prime Minister. When you discuss this with the few who see merit in this policy – heaven knows why – they will tell you that it does not matter, that the Civil Service will keep the show running. The grizzly truth is that the Civil Service as we know it, will not be there.

I need not go into details. Suffice it to say that the conditions of service, held out by an African government to its European expatriate officers, do not prove sufficiently attractive to ensure adequate recruitment to the establishment.

Thus, all over the Empire (that was), the responsibility of running the show is falling into less competent hands; and what is worse, very often those less competent hands belong to less devoted people, perhaps the kind who will sell famine relief supplies on the Black Market.

This may be fine for the few top boys and good for their bank balances but it is not much fun for the countless poor men, women and children at the bottom of the ladder.

“Of course you’ll get corruption. You must expect it”, said a man holding an influential post in one of the parliamentary parties in Britain.

I agree, you will; but that does not get away from the simple fact that corruption is the negation of good government and that it does Britain no credit to hand over people to politicians of whom she expects no better.

It is accepted that the newly independent countries must receive Aid.

Britain has indeed always aided her colonies by means of grants, loans, the secondment of expert staff and so on; but there were always strings attached. The most common one was that the Aid provided should be used for the purposes intended. African nationalists expect Aid to continue, more Aid than ever; but to attach any strings to it is,

they say, an intolerable affront to their dignity and incompatible with the sovereignty of an independent power and a member of the United Nations.

It has often been said that those demanding liberty and independence should be capable of sustaining their own economies. This is patently absurd. What newly independent state can do so, or will be able to do so in any period of time we need consider? No, the answer is that these states must have their independence, while others must pay for it, no strings attached, and pay for it through the nose.

Another condition sometimes attached to Aid was that the colony should reciprocate by helping Commonwealth defence and at least tolerating a military, naval or air force base which, be it noted, directly and indirectly does

much for the economy. But to suggest the continuation of this practice after independence is another affront. Furthermore, it hits at the whole concept of Positive Neutrality, whatever that may be, which we hear so much about these days. "Positive neutrality" seems to be a contradiction in terms; but never mind; it is only one of many in African politics.

In East Africa, the nationalist leaders have decided that the bases must go. That millions of pounds they contribute to the economy must go too is beside the point. Aid will make up all deficits. Indeed, the one privilege which Britain will retain is that of paying out unconditionally, large sums of money.

The only add thing about this system of finance is that the British Government is prepared to put its hand in the

British taxpayer's pocket for the purpose. Obviously, the Government expect to get something out of the deal although, in point of fact, they will get nothing. The Americans are hopeful too and are taking Aid quite seriously these days. It therefore behaves us to investigate why these two great powers are intent on throwing money down the drain in spite of the fact that one of them cannot afford to do so.

The theory, I have discovered, is as simple as it is erroneous and the Americans are its great exponents. It rests on the belief that only money matters, that you can buy anything. Give the chaps enough dollars, or pounds if available, and they are yours, firm friends of the West (that means "America") for life, rabid anti-communists and all the rest.

So, Mr. Mennan-Williams goes around. He slaps black men on the back and a white man socks him on the jaw: and the State Department shells out the dollars and forces the Treasury to shell out the pounds.

The aided ask for more, and if they do not get it, they go elsewhere and maybe, borrow a cool £100,000,000 (sterling not mere dollars) from communist sources, get arms from Czechoslovakia, technicians from Russia, anything from anywhere.

As though to justify themselves – or, is it in part payment? – the leaders and Press of the liberated state launch and keep up a violent tirade against Britain which may please the U.S.A., later starting an equally venomous attack on America, which is most unfair.

When things get a bit too hot, a dusky President is Her Majesty's guest at Balmoral. When they become worse, our revered Queen is the President's guest in, let us say, Accra. She receives a tumultuous welcome. She has strengthened the Commonwealth bond. She has succeeded.

Less than a week after her departure, the vilification of Britain and the West is revived with unrestrained fervour and the Minister of the Interior announces: "Battle commences again".

Though the national leaders somehow fail to play the game – America and Britain's game – it is felt that all is not lost. Surely, the common people will benefit by this international philanthropy and will be grateful! But let us face the hard, incontrovertible facts.

With no strings attached, no inspection or supervision, which would offend, what guarantee is there that any Aid is used for the purposes intended, if we accept corruption as inevitable? There is absolutely none. So the dollars and the £s can be poured out, shiploads of maize and planes full of powdered milk and vitamin pills ceremoniously despatched by investors in goodwill, without any of those paying knowing, or being able to find out, who benefits.

So far as I know, there is no word for "goodwill" or even "thank you" in Bantu dialects. The Kiswahili language certainly had to borrow from Arabic. It would seem, therefore, that reciprocity based on gratitude is scarcely the African's strong suit. Always a rare commodity, it is certainly NOT for sale.

The fervent belief we used to have in a highly trained, devoted and incorruptible administration may seem old-fashioned today when the gaols give up their Prime Ministers, but it had its uses. Some of us still believe no country can really prosper without such a standard. Events may prove us right. Indeed, I know they will.

THE AFRICAN PERSONALITY

One thing which caused me considerable surprise at the Lancaster House Constitutional Conference on Kenya in 1960 was the pathetic ignorance the Secretary of State and his advisers displayed on the African peoples. More surprising still was the fact, admitted to me by the Under Secretary of State, that no anthropological adviser was attached to the Conference. In other words, the most weighty decisions were taken about millions of people without those deciding knowing who they were, what they did, thought, required, or anything else. It is this crass ignorance which lies at the bottom of remarks, such as "Nothing less than the Westminster pattern of democracy is good enough for Africa". When I heard this from the lips of one so eminent, a member of

the British Cabinet, I did not know whether to laugh or cry. The utterance may be very patriotic, but it is not all the same – sheer rot.

Africans had by then been talking for a considerable time about the "African Personality". Had H.M.'s Minister troubled to find out what that was – what it really was – I have no doubt he would have acted differently. But no, he did not find out. Indeed, when he gave up the Colonial Office the other day – or, did it give him up? – even then, he had not found out. I know, because had he done so, he, as an honest man, would not have told the Conservative Party Conference that he was proud of his achievements. He would have hung his head in shame and taken tranquilliser tablets. Just because the boys at the top do not know what they are dealing with or

talking about is no reason why we should share their ignorance; and so, let us take a look at the African Personality and consider what it is. Strictly speaking, there can be no such thing. Like “Positive Neutrality” it is a contradiction in terms and implies the “individuality of the masses”. But never mind, it is meant to mean something and that is the important thing.

When Nkrumah or Mbaya uses the term, he does so with conviction. His are not mere mouthing’s. He is attempting to impart an idea, an idea with a great deal of truth in it. What he is trying to put across is that Africans and other races – say, Europeans – are different; and so they want to do things in different ways and therefore have different aims. In other words, what is sauce for the European goose

is NOT necessarily sauce for the African gander.

In this way, the idea of African democracy has arisen, which has been greeted with shouts of derision in many quarters. But why? Democracy originated in Greece – not in the U.S.A. as some aver. It is alleged to be the system of government in England; yet who would maintain that there is no difference between the democracy of ancient Athens and that practised in the London County Council Area? If, therefore, we can have Greek democracy, British democracy and American democracy, three totally different things, why not African democracy too? Some say the last will not be democratic. But then, neither would the “workers” in Birmingham have called the Greek City States “democratic”, where labour had no vote

because it was owned by the capitalists. One look at an election in a north of England industrial constituency would have made Plato call the nearest slave and order a double hemlock.

Obviously, we must not sneer at African democracy, any more than Plato sneered at the American Constitution, but must study it as a product of the African Personality when we find out what that is, as we shall now proceed to do.

Nobody lumps together Europeans from the Urals to Lisbon or from Sicily to the North Cape – even excluding the Irish – because it is recognised that Europeans differ ethnically, physically, psychologically and culturally. Therefore, there has never been any temptation, let alone attempt, to talk of a “European Personality”.

Africans differ too from one part of the continent to another. They differ very greatly indeed. In fact, Mr. Mbaya, who so often talks of the “African Personality”, is, I have observed, of a different race from the African colleague sitting next to him in the Kenya Legislative Council. Furthermore, the mother-tongue of the one bears no relationship to that of the other. They come from totally distinct linguistic families. It is interesting that Africa contains 10% of the world’s population, yet speaks 25% of the world’s languages. Like their linguistic forms, their musical forms differ too from place to place. Some have seven intervals in what we call the “octave”, others six, yet others five. Our major and minor scales are completely foreign to Africa.

Nevertheless, many different ethnic, cultural and linguistic groups on the continent have a lot in common, and if you care to call these common traits the “African Personality”, why not?

One thing Africans have in common is a type of humour, which is based on a keen appreciation of the other chap’s misfortune. The Raleigh Bicycle advertisement, which showed a terrified negro pedalling for dear life, with a ravenous lion chasing him, was a winner throughout the continent. The Raleigh Co. presume, though history does not relate, that all went well; but if the worst should come to the worst in such circumstances, it would be all the funnier – to the African. On several occasions, I have been told with glee a “humorous” story (quite true) how someone had been eaten by a lion.

Hugh Tracey recorded a song in the Congo not so long ago. Some of the words were: “They went across the river and fought the other tribe. They caught the Chief, they cut off his head, they brought it home, they put it in the beer, and they drank the beer”. Hugh Tracey aptly remarks: “Their idea of brutality, or force, is rather different from ours.” True!. But the point is that, whatever the local custom of lacing one’s drink may be – and many would not approve of the above recipe – the idea is killingly funny. In tribal society you could dine out for weeks on such a story.

Ruggles Cates, an emeritus professor of London University, says: “All those who have any respect for the facts will agree that men differ in their mentality at least as widely as in their physique”, and concludes: “Those who study

dispassionately the inheritance of mental differences... must conclude, I believe, that these differences are inherited in the same way as are physical differences.”

The Professor of Genetics at Ohio State University, Dr. David C. Rife, writes in *Eugenics Quarterly*: “It is axiomatic that if individuals differ with respect to certain genes, populations also may be expected to differ from each other with respect to the frequencies of the same genes” Relating this to mental traits, he concludes that “the ability to develop a culture most certainly is genetic in origin”, from which it follows that “there are genetic differences within mankind as to the types of culture which various groups are capable of developing.”

Therefore, men like Nkrumah and Mboya are right. There is every reason

for their contention that the forms of government and culture most suitable for Africans may not be those which have reached their apotheosis in Westminster and Bond Street.

When we ask what forms *are* suitable, we encounter some difficulty. The historical precedents are few. Furthermore, the Negro literacy rate in Africa prior to the beginning of the 20th century was such that over most of the continent no records written by Africans before that date survive.

The reports by travellers, such as Livingstone, Stanley, Speke and Burton, though interesting, are today regarded as imperialistic and, therefore, more than suspect. Particularly is this true of the accounts of certain African notables, such as Mutesa I, whose drawing-room manners some feel to have been misunderstood.

Something is known of Liberia from American sources, but criticism of the regime is not considered fair owing to the influence of the Firestone Rubber Co. whose presence interfered with the untrammelled expression of the African Personality.

Fortunately, however, we have the case of Haiti to fall back on. It's fine forests and agricultural conditions made it the most productive colony in the Caribbean. Its sugar, coffee, indigo and cotton, after supplying the home market, necessitated more than 700 ocean-going ships, manned by 80,000 seamen, to handle the export trade,

The trouble was that it was a French colony. However, the Negroes remedied that, gaining their freedom in 1791, by slaughtering the whites, all but a few who managed to escape.

The labour-consuming white custom of pruning coffee trees was naturally dropped and nature allowed to take its course. Doctors were largely dispensed with and sanitation almost entirely so. The outstanding achievement of the Haitians during the last 170 years has been an eight times increase in the population but otherwise the people have unswervingly pursued a policy of indolence and apathy, leading to economic and political collapse and anarchy, which necessitated invasion by American marines in 1915, a measure designed to restore some semblance of order.

But let us go back to the African Continent, and see if we cannot, in spite of lack of documentary evidence, find out what went on there in the million and three quarter years Dr.

Lewis Leakey considers man has inhabited the place.

It would appear that during the time of the near-by civilisations of Sumeria, Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea, Babylon, Persia, India, Palestine, Phoenicia, Carthage, Greece, Rome and modern Europe – which cover a long time – the Negroes in Africa did very little, except feed and breed, the former precariously, the latter without significant increase in population due to the very high child death-rate rather than marital indolence which the system of polygamy did not permit.

This is borne out by the fact that modern, African nationalists only claim one triumph during the last 5,000 years – the building of the pyramids. Most Egyptologists, however, consider that the available evidence points to the Negroes of

dynastic Egypt having furnished transport facilities rather than having been responsible for the actual design and the astronomical calculations involved. The leading experts now seem reasonably agreed that the Negroes did not instruct the Pharaohs in the task nor direct their Public Works Department. There is certainly no evidence of any considerable number of Negroes, if any, being at the right end of a whip which would seem to confirm the view that they did not occupy a dominant position in the culture of the Nile Valley.

Attention is sometimes drawn to the fact that, although Africans have been in peripheral contact with numerous civilizations, they have borrowed little. For instance, they shunned the wheel, an example quoted too

frequently as demonstrating lack of initiative, which it does not.

The African had other methods of transport more suitable to the terrain, and in developing these he showed a high degree of initiative most writers have overlooked. Those who have trundled a wheelbarrow over rough ground uphill will, I feel sure, support the African in his contention that it is simpler and far less exhausting for any able-bodied man to put the same payload on a woman's head and beat her if she does not maintain a satisfactory standard of transportation efficiency.

Needless to say, his transport potential (ton miles per hour) depends, as with us, on the number of vehicles in the fleet and that in Africa will ultimately rest on the number of girls born, a factor regulated by the efficacy of the

medicine-man in compounding aphrodisiacs and the tribal priests in propitiating the ancestral spirits at the fertility rites.

You may say, therefore, that transportation in Africa has been a joint effort of Church and State in which both the clergy and the laity have co-operated in vehicle production.

Unfortunately, these methods prove inadequate when it comes to overseas trade. The bulk handling of cargoes demands imperialist techniques – things such as ships, docks, electric cranes and railway waggons. This is unfortunate, because it leads to clashes with the African Personality and the exacerbation of race relations.

Delay is a fundamental African principle, summed up in the motto: “Never put off till tomorrow what you can put

off till the day after,” a philosophy which arises not only from a certain inertia but also from the age-old concept that men don’t work – certainly not more than absolutely necessary. Ceremonial, fighting and drinking are the traditional male roles; work such as digging the fields, carting heavy loads, maybe thatching roofs etc., being left to women to do in the intervals between childbearing, which only takes an hour or two per annum, and a round of domestic duties, including cutting and carting fuel, being the household water supplier and brewer to a man with a prodigious thirst. White women should pause to think what they owe to the coal cart, the tap and the pub – and also to their husbands who are prepared to invest in such amenities, unlike the African whose investment is in a

woman (or women) who is expected to show a good return on capital.

The African male’s disinclination for work has been brought out clearly in Mr. Nyerere’s recent speeches in Tanganyika. His motto: “Kazi na Uhuru” (Freedom and Work) is not a promise to the people that his Government will save them from the horrors of unemployment, which is how a European would view the matter, but a scarcely veiled threat that, unless the idle so-and-so’s pull finger and get down to a job of work, he will be on their tails pretty smartly.

When an African is forced to work, he naturally has to demonstrate that the process is beneath him, that he was born to higher things and that, on the job, he is out of his metier. There must be no mistake. This is done by delaying tactics, going slow, which –

be it noted – are not only due to indolence but are also an expression of dignity – the dignity of the African Personality.

The economic consequences of Delay and Dignity are sometimes serious. There are ships which will not put in at certain ports because the owners do not understand the Doctrine of Delay and Dignity and are only interested in mundane matters such as dock dues and other overheads, and think ships should be turned round quickly.

A classic case has just occurred at Tanga. A ship came in full of maize for famine relief in Tanganyika's northern areas, food vital for the saving of thousands of men, women and children from a horrible death – starvation. It was a free gift from the generous people of America.

The stevedores decided to go slow on this cargo, and refused to work, overtime. There was no wage dispute, no ill feelings about conditions of work. The employers could not find out what was wrong; nor could the men's own union. My own view is there was nothing wrong. It was just a case of Delay and Dignity.

You saw much the same thing when British Army units recently rushed food to famine areas in Kenya. In some cases, the local Africans, who were to eat the food, stood around, gleefully watching the troops unload the lorries but refusing point blank to lend a hand. It was not their job, they maintained. Race relations were strained. As one of the soldiers put it – “I don't ... well care if the ... black ... starve to death.” I think the War Office should see that units, destined

for Africa, receive prior instruction in the African Personality. It would then not come as quite such a shock.

I met an American medical specialist recently, a man of vast learning and great experience, who had contributed to medical science in no small way by his own researches. He was on a tour of Africa, travelling for pleasure, but he conceived it his duty to humanity to pass on his knowledge to African doctors.

He arrived in an area on the West Coast and invited the qualified Africans from round about to meet him. Each replied to this man of world renown that he could not do that, but would be happy to grant him an interview in his consulting-room. So the expert went away, taking his knowledge with him.

The principle of Delay and Dignity has of late been wedded to that of “envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness” with results which may well produce speedy economic disintegration. A friend of mine had the unenviable job of treating, on behalf of a most important group of producers, with an African trade union. After hours of abortive argument, my friend turned to the union spokesman and asked him what on earth he was driving at with his obviously uneconomic demands.

The African, with remarkable frankness, told him that he was out to bankrupt the employers in this vital industry and reduce them to the level of the African peasants. What happened to the industry, the country’s economy, the revenue, the workers, did not even enter into this “leader’s”

head. He had but one ambition – to use his position to harm, to wreck, to humble the white man, no matter at what economic cost to those whose interests he was supposed to represent.

This attitude of black leaders to the whites is unfortunately widespread. It pervades the United Nations and the Commonwealth. It will most probably be the death of both before long, because it leads to untenable and dangerous attitudes based on racial hatred.

For example, it is “right” for India to invade Goa, “wrong” for the Portuguese to suppress rebellion in Angola; “right” for U.N.O. to attack Katanga, “wrong” for Welensky to take precautionary measures in Northern Rhodesia; “right” for Nkrumah to imperil his country by profligate spending, “wrong” for Verwoerd to

build up a sound economy in South Africa by the only means possible; “heaven” for an African to starve under black rule; “hell” for him to be a rich man under white political control.

This racist attitude, held by those who preach non-racialism, is a crowning absurdity; and, if certain politicians on both sides of the Atlantic do not wish to go down in history as near certifiable lunatics they should give up supporting it NOW.

These examples from various important spheres serve to show that the African Personality cannot be equated with any other personality as both Dr. Nkrumah and Mr. Mboya have made so clear.

Study of the literature available, including the daily papers, highlights the traits which make up this

Personality on which the modern, independent, African state must rest. There can be no doubt that African leaders have shown many noteworthy attributes. They are tenacious, and this, coupled with their refusal to be side-tracked by abstraction or logic, depending more on physical and emotional stimulation often baffles their opponents in negotiation. Their flair for phantasy and fabrication, often brilliantly impulsive, places them in the very forefront of propagandists, while their determination that the rights of others shall not deflect them from the pursuit of their own produces an unwavering demeanour. Finally, eloquence, unimpeded by humility, and a line of argument which concentrates on the present, rather than stressing the future, makes of them orators the

black masses will unhesitatingly support to the bitter end – how bitter, they will eventually discover.

It follows that if a large group of such men agree – or are too frightened to disagree – you get one-party government, as in Tanganyika. But, as soon as you get disagreement and a clash of African personalities, you get a “Congo”.

Two-party government in Africa is a contradiction in terms. A government is something which rules and what ruler in his senses will encourage an Opposition devoted to the aim of stopping him ruling and throwing him out? A necessary concomitant of the African Personality is the logical notion that the only purpose of acquiring power is to use it and to go on using it – corruptly very often – and that of necessity leads to autocracy

which is the way Black Africa has always been governed, and probably always will.

Granted, in these days, you climb to power by democratic means. It is recognised as the only way, because of the curious, politically suicidal notions of the granters of independence in London. But, once there, to hell with Westminster models and that sort of rot. You then set out to develop the African Personality, and stick there by hook or by crook; and woe betide those who would remove you. Dr. Nkrumah, am I right?

ROT AT THE CORE

The reader at this point will, quite naturally, wonder whether my account of current affairs does not lack veracity; because, if it be true, then there is only one possible conclusion – we are today living in a madhouse. Too true! We are. How else do you explain that power over sub-continents is being handed over to the incompetent, the primitive, the uneducated, convicted criminals, to men not only bad, but mad? How else can you account for the frantic efforts by British politicians to blow up these new leaders to one hundred times life-size?

I recall a private talk with a Governor at which he promised me that a certain man, convicted by the courts of a ghastly crime, would never again be returned to circulation. Others were

given the same promise – yet look at him today! What is he? The elder statesman, the only hope of a solution in Kenya, the great national leader, consulted on all sides, interviewed, televised, fêted – elevated, promoted, blown up from convicted criminal to prospective Premier in a matter of a few months!

This is but one instance. Many others are encouraged to strut about the world stage a hundred times life-size. Who are Nkrumah, Kenyatta, Mboya, Kaunda, Banda, Luthuli, when all is said and done? What would they be today but for what white men have done for them? As Maxwell put it at the Lancaster House Conference (1960), they would be racing through the bush, spear in hand, “dressed as the Heavenly Tailor turned them out”. And yet, the British public is being

taught, by every available organ of propaganda, to fear such men as irresistible, while those, who are prepared to keep them in order and seek to defend legitimate white interests in Africa – indeed, civilization itself – are reviled and contempt is heaped upon them. Roy Welensky's outspoken views on the British Government and U.N.O. do not surprise me. Nor does the bitterness of the Kenya settlers. Indeed, were it to be announced, at this eleventh hour, that Britain had changed her plans and had decided to give Kenya a government of ignorant coal heavers from the East End of London, the highly educated white community would go wild with excitement and relief over the adoption of such a (comparatively) wise policy!

Her Majesty's Christmas (1961) broadcast contained a most interesting passage in which she referred to the revolt of the younger generation against their elders and so-called "betters" and the system the latter have imposed. That this revolt is so serious as to produce a public pronouncement from the Monarch is a matter of note; that it is unorganised, misdirected and unthought is sad; that it exists at all is most heartening. If Her Majesty can channel this energy, born of unrest and discontent, with the present order of things, into fruitful activity, she will most certainly go down in history as a very great queen indeed and will leave a legacy for which she will be dearly beloved. And if any of us older ones, still with young hearts, can expose what lies behind the passion for pops, the jiving,

the overemphasis on sex, often in unsavoury forms, the teddy boys, the cosh and razor gangs, and all the rest of it, then, surely it is up to us to do so, and to help harness the energy of youth for the good of all.

The young are accused of having lost their standards; but whose fault is that? This book shows conclusively that their elders threw them away. Having won a world war, the politicians, far from keeping alive those virtues which had made victory possible, chose to appeal to the worst in human nature, to offer the great British people a policy of “bread and circuses”. The Conservative Party’s appeal: “You’ve never had it so good”, an appeal to luxury and selfishness, when the world so urgently needed Britain’s leadership and moral

strength, will be treated by historians with the contempt it rightly deserves.

And what does “...never had it so good” mean? It means that the State is extracting by devious means over a third¹ of the British national income and is spending it for the people, divesting them of the responsibility of looking after themselves. Cared for from the cradle to the grave, they lead a helminthic existence, their environment secured, their nutrition guaranteed, even the untoward results of their extra-marital carelessness mothered by qualified nurses in crèches provided by the all-pervading State.

Where is the challenge of life the young must experience to reach the

¹ The figure (central and local taxes) was 40.1% in 1950.

fullness of man – and womanhood – to become self-reliant, brave, resourceful, wise – the Britons the world once stood in awe of, and respected?

Where is the incentive to honest toil to better oneself when the State, in effect, sets a ceiling on incomes, and makes the acquisition of wealth a matter of wangling expense accounts and capital gains?

The present policy in Britain leads to boredom and frustration. No wonder the young are being ruined and your potential Raleighs and Drakes are being turned into corner boys and cheats by a pernicious system which stifles endeavour and initiative and puts a premium on parasitism.

In England today, the idea that you should pay for what you get is dying.

On the contrary, what you pay the State bears little, or no, relationship to what you receive from it, but is based on the extraordinary principle that the more you are worth to society the greater your contribution must be. Indeed, so preposterously are matters arranged that it is not worth being worth more than a certain amount. That point having been reached, you can do one, or more, of three things. You can sit back and call it a day; or you can gamble in stocks and shares; or you can cheat.

This curious and destructive system is summed up in the modern inversion of a biblical text – “To him that hath not shall be given; and to him that hath shall be taken away even that which he hath”. It is a levelling process, the policy of State Socialism and that of the present Tory Government. It

depends in practice on the fact that the rich are comparatively few in number and that, at an election, their votes have no significant effect on the result of the poll; whereas, the not-so-rich are numerous and their votes must be won at all costs. Therefore it pays politicians to rob the former for the benefit of the latter to win seats in the House – for that is the important thing, even if it does mean the Nation’s ruination.

However, as we have seen elsewhere, gifts do not always earn gratitude. More often, they stimulate the demand for more and more, and politicians, forced to bow to public clamour, must produce the goods. So the whole thing snowballs. But not even the rich can afford to pay for everything for everyone, and so the “basis of taxation” as they call it, has to be broadened – or,

to be simple, more people must be made to pay – till in the end everyone, or nearly everyone, pays for what everyone wants (or does not want) and the State becomes the spender of a sizable part of the people’s incomes.

This means that the state is in a position to buy votes by switching money to ameliorate the lot of some section of the population. Therefore, the way to get best value for money – i.e. for taxes paid – is to be loud-mouthed, vociferous, to build up nuisance-value, and make the Government think you are entertaining the horrible idea of voting for the Opposition next time.

This technique has been applied to colonial affairs. You set out to buy goodwill, even if it means sacrificing your own nationals. It fits in with the prevailing philosophy of bribery and appeasement and is, therefore, hailed

in the Press as a “generous gesture”; whereas, if you sent a gunboat, or put a lot of cads in clink, where they should be, the bread-and-milk leader writers would pillory you and lose you votes.

As we have already seen, the policy neither pays nor works. That is evident. It is like bribing a recalcitrant child with sweets when a sound spanking is indicated. How badly it works is amply demonstrated by Britain’s position in the world today.

I was discussing this with a leading Treasury official the other day. He blamed the younger generation in Britain who could not be persuaded to leave the telly to serve their country abroad. I do not believe it. The youth of Britain has never failed to rise to the occasion *when properly led*. That is the crux of the matter. They are not

being led at all. Worse still, they are not even being taught the rules, because Britannia, as exemplified by her Government, has waived the rules and a country which has “never had it so good” has never been so bad, so lacking in the standards and ideals to which its Queen was moved to draw attention in her Christmas broadcast.

This is the real reason why the convicted organiser of Mau Mau is feted in London, why British cannon shells have been pumped into Elisabethville, why India can annex Goa by force with scarcely a ripple on the diplomatic calm, why white children must be integrated with black from dubious homes, why ignorant and unprincipled men can hold ministerial rank within Her Majesty’s domains, why standards in the Colonial service are slipping badly,

why cultured white men and women are being handed over to the rule of a savage majority, why the solemn pledges made to them count for nothing now, why Britons are expendable and why Britain, with a policy based on fear and imagined expediency, relinquishes her traditional position as a world power and withdraws within her island shores.

The times are dark indeed: but I for one do not believe that this is the beginning of the end. Great calamity will befall the world, and we may see continents in ruins. But the spirit of heroes is bred into our race; and the time will surely come when leaders will arise who will rekindle it, and when white men from Europe, America, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, united by their common heritage, will in concert take action to

ensure that a bankrupt philosophy of appeasement and defeat shall not endanger it again.

But first will come the dark, for some the shadow of death. That we must face with fortitude and intelligence, for herein lies the best chance of surviving the forces which Britain has cynically decreed shall be unleashed against her own kith and loins abroad, as recompense for faithful service rendered.

LOCALIZATION

What interests the world, and particularly the so-called “immigrant races”, facing the music in the remaining colonies, is how Africans, when they get power, will use it. That must depend on what they consider power is for – self-aggrandisement, the propagation of religious or political doctrines, the prosecution of the interest of the clan, tribe or nation, the raising of standards, the relief of suffering, etc. etc.

In my young days in Tanganyika, we had a spot of bother because a tribe – let us call it “A” – would raid the tribe I was responsible for, “B”. Needless to say, they were after cattle which the young men of “A” needed to pay their bride-price. That was quite normal, and had gone on for centuries, is still

going on in Africa, and will persist, perhaps, for more centuries.

What was not in my edition of the Queensberry rules was that the “A’s”, having killed my herdsmen in the prescribed manner, had the right to remove and take away certain essential portions of a “B’s” anatomy. This infuriated my “B’s” who regarded it as a slight on their tribal dignity. Even worse, it was terrible that any man, entering the next world, should arrive there without the necessary. What ghastly psychological reaction could one expect to follow and what dreadful things would an emasculated ancestral spirit do to the living? The tribe might well run out of sacrificial goats propitiating these spirits if their numbers rose too high. The matter was one of economic importance and, as such matters frequently do, it led to

war. I am glad to say my chaps won, the score being 21 to 3. At Twickenham, this might indicate three goals, a penalty goal and a try to a try; but this score had a different significance. However, all the corpses were intact and my “B’s” went mad with excitement over their rather unexpected victory and were drunk for a week.

I tell this not very nice tale to illustrate a point which is overlooked by many quite often and by British Cabinet Minister always – morality ceases at the tribal border. The man over on the other side has been placed there by an Almighty Providence, so that there is someone for you to prey upon, from whom you can steal cattle and, in this case, love tokens for your best girlfriend, which, of course, is what the “A’s” were doing.

This phenomenon has been called tribalism – a bad name. I prefer the term “localization of morals” which is more accurate. “Tribalism” implies that a given moral code extends to the whole tribe which it may do in a few cases, but usually does not. “Tribalism” does not explain the numerous cases of political murder and attempted murder, one has had to deal with within tribes. It does not explain why my very good friend, Salehe Ngwembe, Regent of Mofu, a first-class ruler, was poisoned while I was on leave, by his uncle’s (mother’s brother’s) clan.

In such cases, you find clan ranged against clan and the feud may go on for years, perhaps for ever. In this particular case, where there was, as usual, insufficient evidence to bring a charge in a court of law, the murderer

was dispatched and justice done by the use of a conditional curse. At an imposing and solemn ceremony at the graveside of the murdered man, a pot of beer was broken on the grave and a voice rang out: "Whoever killed my friend, Salehe, may evil follow him for ever", whereupon the murderer had an apoplectic fit, lingered on for six months and eventually died. With the score at game-all, the two clans settled down until the next row between them flared up.

No! The term "Tribalism" embraces too much.

As I sat in Conference and listened to a Secretary of State talking broadly about awakened national consciousness, independence within the Commonwealth, a decisive move towards universal adult suffrage, etc., I fear an old-stager yawned. He was

thinking of African love-tokens, of his friend Salehe Ngwembe he had only been able to avenge, and another great friend, the Mtema Towegale Kiwanga, he had been lucky enough to save from the poison cup, so that he ruled another thirty years and died a natural death, as a great chief should, before being laid to rest with his ancestors in a royal grave at Utengule.

The localization of morals has an important bearing on the proposed East African Federation, though, to the best of my belief, it has not been adequately considered in this context.

The economic advantages of a large, well-knit area in East Africa with common services and a common market, has long been recognised and the East African High Commission was a step in this direction, bringing about a unification of the railways,

postal services, long-range research, defence, etc. It worked because H.M.G. made it work, assisted by a lot of European civil servants of which I was one, a tiny cog in the big machine.

Because this organisation worked well in the economic sphere, the idea has been born of a similar advance politically. It should be remembered, however, that with the Africanization of the Civil Service localisation of morals will play a more and more prominent part and that what worked under the cohesive power of H.M.G. and white control, will not necessarily do so under the centrifugal forces of African government and black morality which, as we have seen, has a restricted range of operation.

A mere few days after Tanganyika's independence Mr. Nyerere, stationed in Dar-es-Salaam, has thought fit to

torpedo one of the common services, the East African Navy, stationed in Mombasa, by withdrawing Tanganyika's financial contribution to it. Under Colonial Office rule, that sort of thing was impossible and could not happen. Under independence, it cannot be prevented and will occur, I fear, increasingly.

It is possible – just possible – that the ethnical background for a black, federated East Africa may exist many years hence; that it does not do so today is certain. It should be kept in mind that federated nonsense is probably more damaging to the local inhabitants than nonsense split up into smaller units and, for that reason, is not recommended.

The localization of morals which, as we have seen, frequently does not extend to a unit as large as a tribe,

naturally results in the localization of other things. The term is most frequently applied to the recruitment of personnel to the more lucrative posts in Government service and in commerce and industry.

Africans, guided by the principle of “envy, hatred and malice”, but in this case concentrating on envy, have long resented the fact that the good jobs, on the whole, went to men and women of other races: The question of qualifications was quite irrelevant. Here was a job with a salary of say, £1,500 a year attached, which a white man held. Why not a black? If the latter was not qualified for it, why was he not? Why had not the governing Power seen to it that he was? That he should pay for such training was absurd. He could not and would not. It was the duty of the Government to pay, as it was their

duty to hand everything on a plate to the black man, free of charge.

African politicians fervently believe this too. When they support such claims, they are not just catching votes. They are sincere. The principle applies to them as well. Why, they argue, should a white minister draw £3,000 a year when a black man could be pocketing the salary? And, if they are not fit for ministerial rank, whose fault is that? The white man and his Government should have seen to it that they are. Hence the “crash programmes” designed to raise a man from schoolboy to statesman in eight months, which some deem far too slow.

The accounts of these courses, given in the Press and the astounding successes claimed, make one wonder whether an English school and

university education was not a wicked waste of our time and our parents' money.

As you may have guessed, "localization" in this sense is really a euphemism for "Africanization". It sounds better for official circles to use a word which does not exclude the whites and the Asians, even if the practice does. In point of fact, the scheme is cruelly discriminatory against young non-Africans leaving school. It means, for example, that hundreds of white boys and girls will find themselves unemployed; and this is an important reason for Europeans leaving East Africa.

We see it already. Africans are placed in posts because they are Africans – ministries, administrative posts, directorships and the like, posts they would have had no chance of filling

had they been whites with the same qualifications. This will have – indeed, it is already having – serious economic and administrative consequences.

When the localization programme was launched it was presented as one for filling posts from locally engaged, as opposed to expatriate, personnel, provided suitable applicants presented themselves. Fair enough! It has degenerated into jobs for the (black) boys and an applicant has in many cases now got to show not that he is the best man for the post but that he can do it after a fashion. The original promise that localization would not involve any lowering of standards is no longer heard: it is too palpably false to bear repetition. Instead, the policy is justified on moral grounds; and the argument goes something like this: -

In the Continent, called “Africa”, it is only fair that the most favoured people should be those called “Africans”. If you ask “Why?” you will be told that it is because they are the indigenous people – which, of course, they are not in places like the Cape, but that does not matter – and so the best jobs must go to the dark inhabitants of the Dark Continent, not quite so dark now for reasons not mentioned because they punch great, big holes in the argument; and then it will not hold water.

To argue with those who believe that the mere possession of a dark skin entitles its wearer to a bright future is futile. To such people, truth and logic mean nothing. It is all part of the creed that “black” means “good” and “white” means “bad”, which so many in Britain believe, including, it seems, certain newspapers with little judg-

ment but a wide circulation; and, as an article of faith, the belief must be accepted as a fact.

Why white people think thus, and long to see their fellow whites placed under black control is a matter those fellow whites simply cannot understand. It baffles them beyond belief. It baffles me. It is something I cannot begin to explain, something which must be referred to those whose province is the abnormalities of the mind. But, though the aetiology of this disease raises obscure and intractable problems, its successful treatment is simplicity itself. Complete cure is certain, after which the immunity conferred is 100% and lasts for life.

This disease, to which the name “race inversion” has been given, is almost unknown in those countries where white and Negro have long been in

contact. For instance, no record exists of any attempt on the part of white citizens of the State of Arkansas to set up a Negro government there; and it is on record that they gave no significant support to some recent attempts to effect racial integration in certain schools.

There is no large-scale, popular move on the part of the European community in Southern Rhodesia to replace Sir Roy Welensky by Dr. Hastings Banda; nor have the Afrikaner population of the Republic of South Africa yet started agitation designed to exchange Dr. Verwoerd for a black Nobel Prize winner.

It was probably these immunological considerations which pointed the way to successful treatment, which consists in placing the patient in close contact with one or preferably more Negroes

in circumstances where the latter can cause him the maximum of personal annoyance, inconvenience and pecuniary loss.

The Jamaicans in England are starting to fulfil this curative function, having already effected a marked improvement in a number of intractable cases, even in the House of Commons, where the environment is in no way conducive to the treatment of mental disease.

But to return to localization (alias "Africanization"), the endpoint of the process is obvious. A time will come in some places when a white man, entering an office or a shop and seeing a white face, will stretch out his hand and say: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." By then, service will be virtually non-existent for whites, if there are any, who will be kept waiting as a matter of

principle, as they are sometimes today, to demonstrate the black man's authority over them, the superiority of the African Personality.

But something else will happen. The localization of morals will divide African employers and also African employees, as it has already divided African politicians and the tribal groups they represent. You are therefore likely to find one shop staffed by members of one tribe, another by those of another. This naturally raises the exciting possibility of shop raiding on a tribal basis, followed by warfare which could well cause a traffic block in one of the capital's main thoroughfares, or something equally serious.

The owner of one shop would then ring one police station where his tribe was in force. The owner of the other

shop would do likewise, so that armed reinforcements joined in the fray while the victorious shopkeeper ran off with the loot. If the affair ever came to court, the verdict would depend on the magistrate's tribal affiliations.

This is not in the least far-fetched. There are precedents all around us. If an African minister in charge of relief work can divert essential drugs from a country's capital to his own tribal area, what could not an African shopkeeper of similar initiative do? Ask the Congo boys. This sort of thing is nothing to them. A man who can eat an Irishman is good for anything.

CRASH PROGRAMME

Future generations will find it remarkable that the Tory Government, with all the precedents before them, could survive while maintaining the attitude that a mere half-century of British rule could not fail to fit savage peoples with a culture reminiscent of the Stone Age, for the onerous task of running modern states. Granted, British colonial rule was good. I should never dispute it. I was one of the rulers. But was it all that much better than that of, say, Belgium, if any better at all? I must admit bias in favour of Britain; but, to be perfectly honest, I found much to admire in the Belgian Administration in, say, Ruanda-Urundi, now chaotic since the Bahutu proletariat democratically (and otherwise) pitched out the Hima aristocracy, again making nonsense of national unity,

African solidarity and the benefits of democracy.

Failure in the Congo has been attributed to the unreadiness of the country for independence. The correctness of this view is indisputable; but to suggest that Britain's East African dependencies are a totally different matter is not supported by the facts and figures, nor is it likely to be by the results. The views of Mr. Musa Amalamba, an African ex-Minister, are interesting. He said at the end of December 1961: "Even when the Congo was in its worst state, its leaders were in a better position to control their affairs than the African leaders in Kenya today." That, coming from a man (a most delightful one) who has worked hard for Kenya's independence, gives food for thought.

Either a country is ready for independence, or it is not. Even could Kenya be proved to be less unready than the Congo, that can scarcely be advanced as an argument that catastrophe will not overtake the former, as it did the latter, on the granting of independence.

Nevertheless, with all the incontrovertible facts before them, and after all the solemn warnings they have received, ranging from great statesmen right away down to myself, the British Government still insist that their policy (or lack of one) in Africa will succeed. I pray God they are right; but, I fear, it does not need Divine Revelation to know they are absolutely wrong.

Psychologists tell us that humans exhibit an interesting trait in the face of calamity. They refuse to face up to

it. They deny the inevitable. They cling to hope when there is none. They call it a “psychological defence mechanism”. I prefer to call it “ostrichism”.

Ostrichism is a prevalent, highly contagious disease, affecting in particular cabinet ministers in which case it is markedly drug resistant, requiring massive doses of the truth to effect even slight and temporary alleviation of the symptoms. Speculative brands of truth are unavailing, and it is a waste of time dispensing them. To warn of impending catastrophe is contra-indicated as more likely to interfere with rigorous treatment later on than to effect any significant improvement at the time.

It should be realised that nothing short of photos in the popular Press of corpses, preferably dismembered,

brings home to the “ostrich” the threat of bodily harm, while it requires illustrations of the smouldering ruins of an important city to sow the seeds of suspicion that property values may be threatened. I am told that photos of the recent atrocities in this country of Kenya (where I am now) are kept in the Library of the House of Commons together with the Corfield Report, but Members are not encouraged to study either; so that writing this chapter is merely a waste of time if I hope that it will influence the great in high places and divert them, even slightly, from a course of action all sensible people now regard as catastrophic. Having had to move in high places and deal with their inhabitants, I entertain no such hope.

My writing may, however, not be wasted on some of the men and

women most affected by British policy in Africa – the farmers and their wives in isolated homesteads, the business men and typists in the towns – in short, those among whom I live and call my friends, and whose interests my colleagues and I have tried to protect – ineffectually, I fear – those who will now have to carry the can, the ones who will be robbed, beaten, raped, murdered if the balloon goes up.

I am glad to say they have now got over the frame of mind which led them to imagine “it can’t happen here”. The lessons of Leopoldville and Stanleyville, Luluabourg and Katanga have not been entirely lost on them. The childlike faith that Britain, as in the past, would never throw her nationals to mobs of savages no longer deludes them, for they have come to realise at

long last that the Mother Country must cast her children to the wolves if she is to win the goodwill of the Afro-Asian Bloc, of which she seems to stand in mortal terror – God alone knows why.

That being so, it may be profitable to this section of my readers to consider the likely sequence of events in Kenya. Contemplation of the future is of necessity speculative, and only time will prove one's conclusions right or wrong. Furthermore, prophesy is a dangerous game; but nevertheless, many in Britain's colonies are playing it today, because they must. They have got to plan for a future which, although perhaps obscure, will certainly be very different from the one they contemplated a couple of years ago. Therefore their welfare and their children's prospects, maybe even their lives, depend on as accurate a

picture as possible of the shape of things to come.

Kenya is to become an independent state. This means that the Government in power, which will be African-dominated, can in effect do exactly what it will with anyone and anything, and that interference from outside in the internal affairs of the country will, according to contemporary ideas, only be justified if the Government's actions can be shown to endanger world peace. The ill-treatment of the whites, or even their wholesale massacre would not do so today.

I do not for a moment suggest that a Kenya Government would go as far as to arrange such a thing. Casualties, which are sporadic even now, will be unavoidable and possibly heavy in certain districts, but they will result from marauding bands not officially

connected with the Government or any political party.

Great danger lies in the possibility that the new, independent Kenya Government may, with the best will in the world, be unable to control the gangs. Only the other day, the Minister for Defence and Internal Security, Mr. Swann, told the House that intimidation had never been more real, more constant or more widespread. He informed the hon. members that "in the Land Freedom Army we are dealing with a body of men to whom no measure is too extreme, who are still talking of assassination, particularly of political leaders of whose policy they do not approve". He then went on to tell of three oath-taking ceremonies in which an oath was taken to kill Jomo Kenyatta, so recently their "god"!

Kenya, as an independent, sovereign power, in spite of the fact that she will lack financial resources adequate to maintain law and order properly, will not tolerate the presence of British troops on her soil after independence. African leaders from both the major parties have said so unequivocally. This means that law and order will have to be maintained by the police and such African troops as the country possesses. The present pattern of events leads one to expect that these forces will be stretched to the utmost in preventing the assassination of members of the Government and the Legislature and officers of the Civil Service and in the suppression of separatist movements.

Unfortunately, such operations will in certain circumstances tend to bring tribal loyalties into conflict with the

forces' loyalty to the Government, particularly if political parties are on a tribal basis as at present and as it seems probable they will continue to be. The danger of the police and the army splitting tribally is a real one. If that were to happen, the small cadre of European officers – if any remained – would lose control. Thus a situation could well arise similar to that in the Congo when the Force Publique mutinied and with similar results.

In such circumstances, it would be necessary for European residents to defend themselves which, if they had not been disarmed previously, they could do for a time at selected strong-points; but it would mean abandoning indefensible positions such as isolated farmsteads, many of which would be looted. The loss of property could be very serious, but it might well be

necessary to put up with that in order to save life.

The present difficulties facing the European farming industry, responsible for 80% of Kenya's exports, are likely to grow. Besides an increasing security risk, stock thefts can be expected to become much more serious. Coffee nurseries and pyrethrum fields will suffer heavier losses of planting material, while fencing wire, piping and other items will probably be stolen on a far larger scale than at present, and used to help the more enlightened of the African farmers in their laudable attempts to adopt modern methods of agriculture.

Any loss of profits due to lawlessness will undoubtedly be aggravated by ever-increasing wage demands and strikes organised by the unions, while

the Government will be forced to increase the financial burden on the Europeans because they will be the only imaginable source of revenue. One method of doing so has been foreshadowed by Mr. Kiwanuka's pronouncements in Uganda. It seems likely that East African Governments will abolish the present producer-marketing boards and will go in for state-controlled marketing organisations. In this way the Government will be able to take what it likes of the proceeds of the sale of agricultural produce, passing on the balance to the producer, which will doubtless remind him of the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table.

However, the law of diminishing returns will soon come into operation – it has started to do so already – and therefore, such fiscal measures will be

unlikely to prevent a further decline in the revenue. Indeed, it is unrealistic to imagine that, two years after independence, Kenya's recurrent revenue from internal sources can possibly exceed £16 million, which in the absence of large and regular grants-in-aid, will necessitate reducing Government expenditure by 50%. It is difficult to visualise the financial position being better than that; and it may be a great deal worse. Much will depend on what degree of law and order the Government can maintain.

It is universally admitted that the premature retirement of skilled and experienced expatriates will throw a strain on the public services they may not be able to bear. Their efficient maintenance requires both funds and skilled staff; and though the former may be obtained from overseas, the

prospects of recruiting the latter in sufficient strength are far from encouraging.

The devoted and imaginative efforts of European engineers and transport specialists – road, rail and air – have within the past few weeks saved up to half a million Africans from death by drowning, starvation and disease during the recent floods. But next time, they will not be there, it seems. The African politicians cannot tolerate the presence of some of them after independence, while many of the rest have plans to go elsewhere.

It is difficult – indeed, impossible – to see how the transport services can be maintained at anything approaching their present standard of efficiency. Nor would that standard any more be needed, or prove economic, because the replacement of the European

mechanised farm by the African peasant smallholding will reduce the freight loads on both road and rail very considerably.

It is true the Minister for Agriculture looks forward to a rapidly increasing surplus from African holdings where today there may be little or none; but the production of a surplus, comparable with present exports, demands technical skills of a high order, not only on the farms and the research stations, but at every stage between farm and market, and these, we have seen, will not be forthcoming.

Furthermore, those few Africans, competent to take over European duties and therefore hand-picked and trained by the British for the task, are today labelled “imperialist stooges”. Will they be able to carry on? – men like the African District Officer whose

house was raided by a gang of thugs, his money stolen and his fifteen year old daughter dragged out and raped. People abroad do not seem to realise how greatly many of our best and most competent Africans fear independence and the withdrawal of Britain's protecting hand.

There are no industrial towns in Kenya. All primarily depend on European agriculture. It naturally follows that when this is replaced by African farming – much of it subsistence agriculture – as must occur, the bulk of the potential urban revenue will be eaten at its source. Thus, the urban areas will suffer a further financial decline, over and above that already causing the most serious embarrassment and due to the cessation of capital development in town and country alike. More businesses

will close and more offices will be vacated as certain present functions of the towns disappear, while lack of skilled staff and the inability to pay them will affect the municipal services, as has already been reported from Dar-es-Salaam in the case of the water supply, the Health Services and the fire-brigade.

Now, urban organisation is sensitive. It can stand only so much, after which it breaks down and the whole structure collapses, a process fraught with grave dangers to the population. Contaminated water invites epidemic disease. Failure of the cleansing services encourages an increase of rats and with it the threat of bubonic plague – always to be feared in East Africa. Should the electricity supply fail for long, perhaps due to lack of technical staff, the bulk refrigeration of vaccines

is no longer possible and a most important technique in preventive medicine goes by the board.

It is only logical, therefore, to suppose that urban life will change. There can be little doubt that more of the European community will leave and that business and residential premises will fall vacant. It is conceivable that large blocks of offices and streets of houses may not prove worth the upkeep, and be abandoned by their owners, Africans moving in and assisting the processes of decay by their less fastidious habits.

Difficulties of supply and distribution may necessitate urban Africans becoming at least partly self-supporting as regards food, driving many to the suburbs and the surrounding countryside where they can plant maize, potatoes and beans in the parks

and gardens, along the road verges and, further afield, in estates from which they have cleared the coffee.

It is impossible to say how far this process of adaptation to the new conditions will go but, judging from the precedents of post-Roman Europe, Haiti and the Congo, it may go a long way and take a very long time from which to recover. It is salutary to remember that Roman houses in Britain had bathrooms, but after the Romans left it was not until the reign of Queen Victoria that the next bathroom was built in a private house. Some things take a long time to mend. Sometimes they never do.

GRAND FINALE

The white sponsors of African Nationalism make the astonishing assumption that the Negro, given political power, will use it wisely and justly in a civilized manner. What this assumption is based upon, I do not know, for all the precedents point to a contrary conclusion.

We know Negro states have wallowed in blood in the past. The early travellers in Uganda were sickened by the murders, mutilations, burnings and burying's alive the kings meted out for the most trivial reasons or no reason at all.

In some societies, even the women indulged in almost unbelievable savagery, as in the Ashanti Yam Festival, an annual occasion put on for the black debutantes of the season.

The girls would be paraded outside a compound surrounded by a fence of thorns. Inside the compound were stakes to each of which a slave was bound, from which vantage point he could see the "gentle maidens" through the hedge, as their eyes flashed and they chattered expectantly, their excitement mounting.

At a given signal the girls rushed the hedge, hacking their way through with knives. When they emerged on the other side, their black bodies lacerated by the thorns and red with blood, they threw themselves upon the terrified, screaming slaves and cut them to pieces. Such were the good old days in what is now Ghana.

Contact with civilization, however, is supposed to have stopped this sort of thing. But has it? International police circles in 1960 reported that in the

modern, democratic state of Ghana girl children were being captured and sold into slavery to westernised Negroes in Dahomey, some of these children being used for human sacrifice or in cannibalistic rites.

In Liberia, the upper-class Negroes, brought from the U.S.A. to implant the ideas of American Democracy, enslaved the lower classes until the League of Nations was forced to step in. But slavery still flourishes in Africa.

As though all this were not enough, we have the contemporary lesson of Mau Mau, a filthy, wicked cult, with its murders, tortures, sexual perversions, mutilations and cannibalism – and now with some of its leading men allowed by the British Government to wield enormous influence in the State. Yet, when a Kenya white settler wishes to remain

under British rule; when he objects to integration in the schools; when he questions the advisability of his children being brought up with the children of Mau Mau parents who have belonged – and may do so still – to a society guilty, among other things, of intercourse with animals and drinking the liquid from human eyeballs, gouged from some hapless victim of their own tribe, maybe because he followed the teachings of Christ, your white man is dubbed a “right-wing extremist”. He is told that he lags behind the times. He is accused of racial prejudice. He finds himself in conflict with the Ministers of the Crown, and even with the priests of the Church. He is told he must forget the past. How can he, when all this is NOT past, when Mau Mau is once again a potent force for

evil the authorities cannot stamp out, when oathing is still going on in the darkness around him?

Moreover, is this not the very pattern of Africa once white control is no more? The sale of the flesh of white prisoners in a Congo market-place must be set against the hypocrisies of certain African leaders and the British “faith” in a happy and prosperous future for her colonies “now ready for independence”. So must the ashes of huts in Kenya and the charred corpses of the women and children burnt alive within them – the shrieks of those being ripped open with Mau Mau knives as they tried to escape – the headless infants – the hamstrung cattle – the filthy rituals and the paralysing fear – the small girl of twelve, I had to deal with as a magistrate, taken off into the forest, there to be used nightly

by any, or all, of half a dozen gangsters – their relaxation after pillage and murder.

It must be remembered that a Mau Mau oath, even were it administered to a man against his will, was binding, so hundreds of thousands were in thrall to this ghoulish organisation. The only way out was to take a cleansing oath, a ceremony at which a witchdoctor went through a ritual, entailing the slow beating to death of a goat – a hideous way to righteousness, which will doubtless be discussed in the integrated schools at which the children of leading Mau Mau, now prominent in public affairs, will be educated with our children.

Is it mere prejudice that the Kenya Europeans want their own schools where their children will be brought

up among, and taught by, their own kind?

Is it surprising that a good friend of mine, with whom I worked closely to suppress a filthy cult, could not bear to see the release of its leaders and their elevation to places of responsibility in the state, that he felt the triumph of evil so strongly that one day he drew up his car near the Church of Goodwill and, using the gun he had always carried for his own protection, went voluntarily to his Maker? As we lowered his body into the earth, I understood the torture of his spirit.

But do the people of Britain understand? One wonders – when they applaud racial integration and the domination of white by black, a policy on which Mr. Iain Macleod congratulates himself, and of which he says he is proud.

Or is it that Britain does understand, but does not care – that her standards no longer mean anything? I do not think so. I think her Government has deluded the people, that it has thrown dust in their eyes, that it has put out one of the biggest lies in history and has been believed. It has told them that independence will bring prosperity, peace and contentment to the blacks – which it will not do – and that the whites are in no real danger. It has told them that Kenya is radically different from the Congo, which I have shown it is not.

After independence, the Congo produced an orgy of murder, torture, rape and cannibalism. We have had all that already in Kenya under British rule within the last few years. It has been our daily concern. Why does anyone suppose that, by withdrawing

Britain's restraining hand, the position will improve? It is said that Nationalism will have got its own way – by violence, maybe – but nevertheless, it will be content. But most of the atrocities perpetrated in Kenya were carried out by Kikuyu on Kikuyu, within the tribe itself. There was nothing nationalistic about them. It was a case of a large (and intelligent) tribe gone mad.

Add to that the bitterness of feeling *among* the tribes and the threat of the Somali raiding Kikuyu land from the North, the Masai sweeping up from the South – the Kalenjin driving their hereditary enemies from Western Kenya, the Suk raiding into Trans Nzoia – African against Arab at the Coast – the systematic looting of Indian shops everywhere – the ambushing of travellers – and so on.

All these, and other grave dangers we experience today under British rule.

Yet, this is the Kenya the British public is told is ripe for independence! Has ever a Government lied so blatantly?

Were the British Cabinet to announce that, for reasons of sheer self-interest, they had decided to abandon the colonies, and had left it at that, one could at least perhaps have understood. But to bruit it abroad that they are doing something noble and good, that they are freeing people, is sheer hypocrisy and also a stupid tactic, for you won't fool all the people all the time, even about Africa. Indeed you will fool nobody much longer, particularly when you have a belt of savagery and chaos stretching from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, as seems highly probable.

Nor will it be possible for the Government to laugh off its own nationals, should too many be hacked to bits or raped, particularly after it has trapped them economically by rendering their assets unsalable by its policies and refusing point-blank to do anything adequate to remedy matters so that they may go. The Government and the Conservative Party will have a lot of blood on their hands, black and white, if a curb is not put on political recklessness in Africa – if they ignore the warnings and continue to waive the rules. They should take heed, bearing in mind the next General Election. But I do not expect they will. What, then, will be the long-term consequences?

Sixty years ago, the Africans lived in a society resembling the Stone Age in Europe. Most of them still do, even

though the top boys wear collars and ties and bead caps, and wave fly whisks in London in winter! Sixty years ago, these populations were about one quarter their present size – less in places where wholesale massacre, sleeping sickness and famine had decimated them. Without European control and technology the various factors which unchecked seriously limit tropical African populations, must again take effect, so that from now on a decline must be expected. What the rate of decline will be is problematical, but my own demographic researches lead me to expect that the population of Kenya may well be halved by the end of this century and have sunk back to the million and a half souls, the pioneers found on their arrival within a hundred years, at which point it will probably

achieve a balance with the environment.

That may, however, be taking too optimistic a view, because it makes no allowance for the fact that our administration has introduced the African to more lethal forms of disorder and that he is now provided with the mentality and the social mechanisms for putting them to devastating effect. Nor does it take into account the recent breeding of more people with less resistance to certain diseases, which our medical services have made possible.

In short, left to himself, the African of East Africa and the Congo is likely to achieve a falling population and a dying economy, reverting fairly rapidly to the state in which we found him.

It is, however, unlikely that he will be left to himself. The population pressures which exist in Asia among peoples of higher culture and greater technical skill will, unless a major catastrophe reduces their numbers considerably, force them to expand into any empty place they can find. The large, fertile areas of Africa would prove ideal. Perhaps the Chinese technicians in Guinea are not solely occupying their minds with helping build up a black communist state.

I find rather pathetic the childlike faith that black men have only to rid their countries of the white men, who built them, to be "FREE"; that they have but to indulge in loud protestations of non-alignment and positive neutrality for the world to pass them by, leaving them to enjoy the black heaven they fondly imagine they themselves will

build. Reared under the benign protection of a Christian, colonial power, they have become so accustomed to the rule of law and protection from external aggression that they do not see what must happen when the protecting hand is removed – that independence, far from constituting boundless possibilities, ushers in mortal dangers, both internal and external.

Freedom is not something one is given at a three-day celebration – and that's it. Rather it is a dynamic system, resting on ethnical concepts which must be maintained and fought for: and to do that a people must be strong, morally and materially. The independent African powers will be neither.

Was it symbolical that as the Union Jack was lowered for the last time in Tanganyika the other day, the arena

was plunged into darkness? One wonders. One also wonders for how long a black, green and gold tricolour will flutter, or the new national anthem be sung, in a country where one man, and one man only, stands between his people and chaos. Mr. Nyerere must often think: “*Après moi le déluge*”.

But, will it even last that long? “Peace can only be preserved by methods of peace,” said Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru in 1957 – and then attacks Goa in 1961! He claims he had no alternative. One day he, or someone else, may “have no alternative” but to secure the East Coast of Africa and “liberate” the people there – such as remain.

What will really matter in tropical Africa is not what the black politicians plan to do, but what the great powers decide shall be done. At the moment, these men can strut about the world

stage; and at this point in the ideological drama they can reap a temporary advantage by supporting both sides and neither. Ultimately however, the ability of a state to survive in a condition of independence must rest on its moral and economic strength, its production, its industries, its ability to defend itself.

It will also depend on its alliances: but alliances are only of value between powers which have something to give one another. Unless that be so, then one party is but a liability to the other and the alliance is a lopsided affair in which one party does all the giving, the other all the taking. This is precisely what the African states expect – Aid and more Aid – membership of the Commonwealth which will come to their assistance when they are threatened. And in

return? A policy of non-alignment, of “positive neutrality”, the right to accept loans from Communist sources, to pillory Britain’s allies, like Portugal and South Africa, to interfere with vital communications, to stoke up the hate of black for white – in short, to make a confounded nuisance of themselves, like Russia does, but with this difference: Russia is a great, industrialised power with an advanced technology and a huge war potential. The African states cannot manufacture a bicycle, let alone an atomic bomb.

Their locally produced armaments are spears and bows and arrows, their military transport vehicles men’s heads, perhaps donkeys if there is no tsetse fly. Therefore, without arms from outside, their potential for modern warfare is nil, which makes

the attitudes they strike on the international stage ludicrously pathetic.

Indeed, the only war they will ever wage with modern weapons will be conducted as the supplier of those weapons dictates. To call such nations "independent", therefore is a farce. They will exist just so long as they are allowed to exist and not a moment longer. One wonders why they cheered when India walked into Goa. They should have shuddered with fear. They would have done but for the African Personality.

At present, they can shelter behind membership of one or both of two bodies, U.N.O. and the Commonwealth; but both these far from exclusive clubs are maintained by certain wealthy patrons. What happens when they tire of the bad manners and lack of co-operation certain of the non-

paying members exhibit? Most people would resign from any club where those who pay least behave worst; and this could happen in the international sphere.

What then? You may have Pafmeca. And what is that? A group of African states, in certain cases, rent by dissension within themselves, in all dependent for their economic survival on the largesse of great powers. We are supposed to stand in awe of Pafmeca. We don't.

In the long term, therefore, the Negro of Tropical Africa is in danger of dying out (or being killed off) owing to maladjustment to modern conditions. The gap between the primitiveness in which we found him and the social and technological organisation life in the 20th Century requires is enormous; and if it is ever to be

properly bridged, it can only be done over a long period with the help and guidance of those who have already made the transition themselves during the course of centuries.

It is folly to imagine that what has taken our ancestors thousands of years to accomplish can be done by the Negro in the space of two or three generations. It cannot, as the chaotic state of Africa today so clearly shows.

There is a school of thought which maintains that the Negro will never make the grade, and that it is reaching for the stars to hope that his will ever be a civilized society. The opposing camp avers that potentially the black man is the equal of the white and that all he had lacked was opportunity. As so often happens, the truth probably lies mid-way between these views.

In my opinion, there are many Negroes of great ability and charm who are perfectly capable of playing a worthy part in civilized society. But they will never do so in an independent African state where the leaders are chosen by their ability to rouse the primitive emotions of a mob of ignorant, deluded, predatory savages. The flower of black manhood can only blossom in civilized conditions; and – let us face it – those conditions have at present to be imposed. In Africa, they do not spring spontaneously from the people by means of so-called “democratic” processes, least of all by the subordination of white to black, as bitter experience is teaching us. In short, the African, who desires civilized standards – and a great many do not – can only reach his full potentialities

under the protection of the white races. Therefore, anything which harms the whites in Africa, ultimately harms him; and the worst catastrophe from his point of view would be the destruction of the whites and their culture, which present policies are doing over a huge area of the continent.

It is a solemn thought that, in framing the constitutions of the new, democratic, independent, African states, we are not drafting a Negro Magna Carta, but are signing a pile of death warrants.

Fortunately, however, a ray of light, springing from human intelligence, illuminates the sombre scene; and as the result, some millions of black men may prove more fortunate than those Europe and America have thrown away. One day, high on a mountain peak, overlooking their well-ordered,

prosperous lands, they may perhaps in gratitude erect a statue with an inscription on the plinth. And the mason carving the letters will turn to his mate and say: "Hoe spel jy 'Verwoerd'?"